

DUDLEY STAMP

LOST IN THE BOCKY MOUNTAINS

BY C. W. STAMP

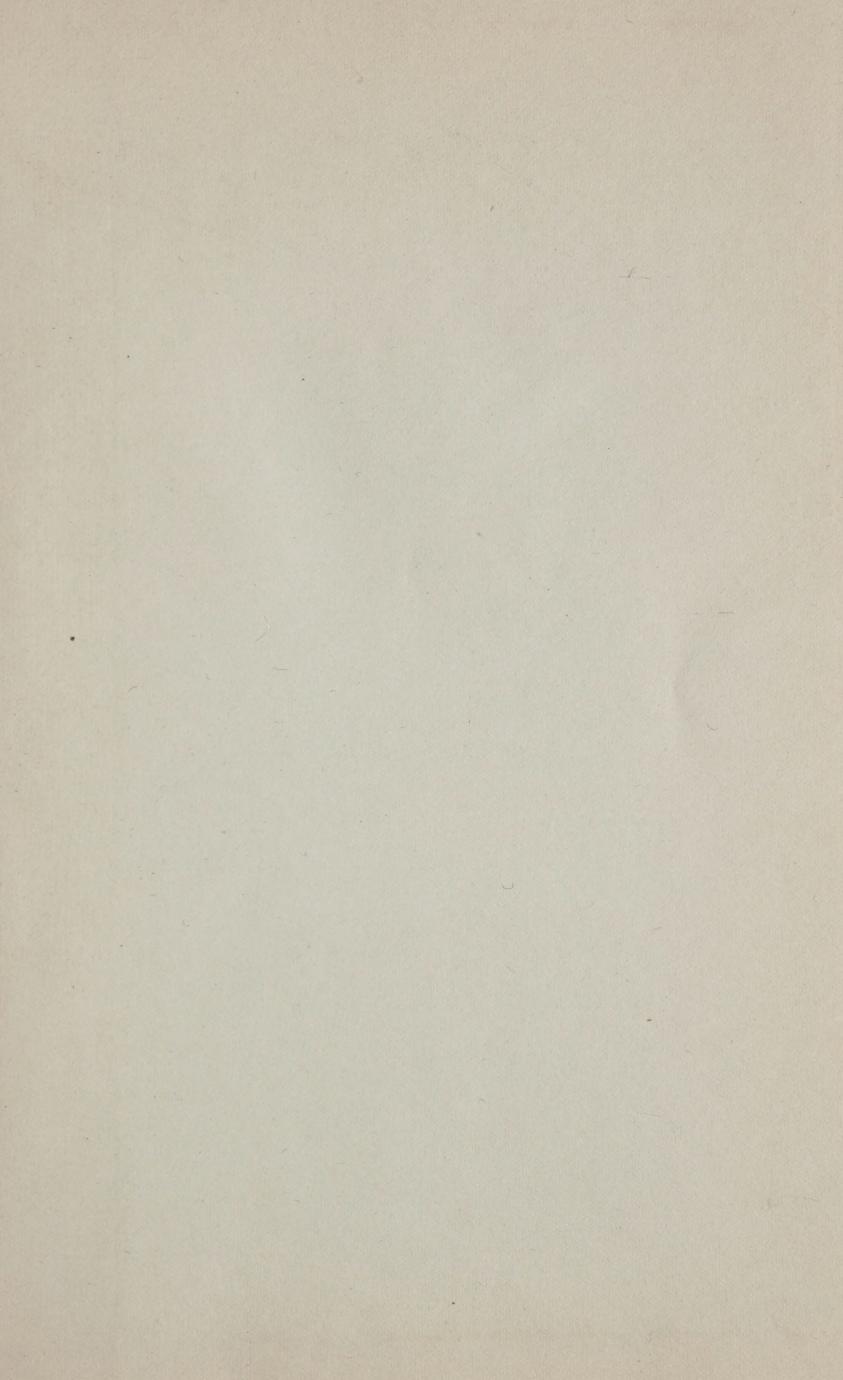


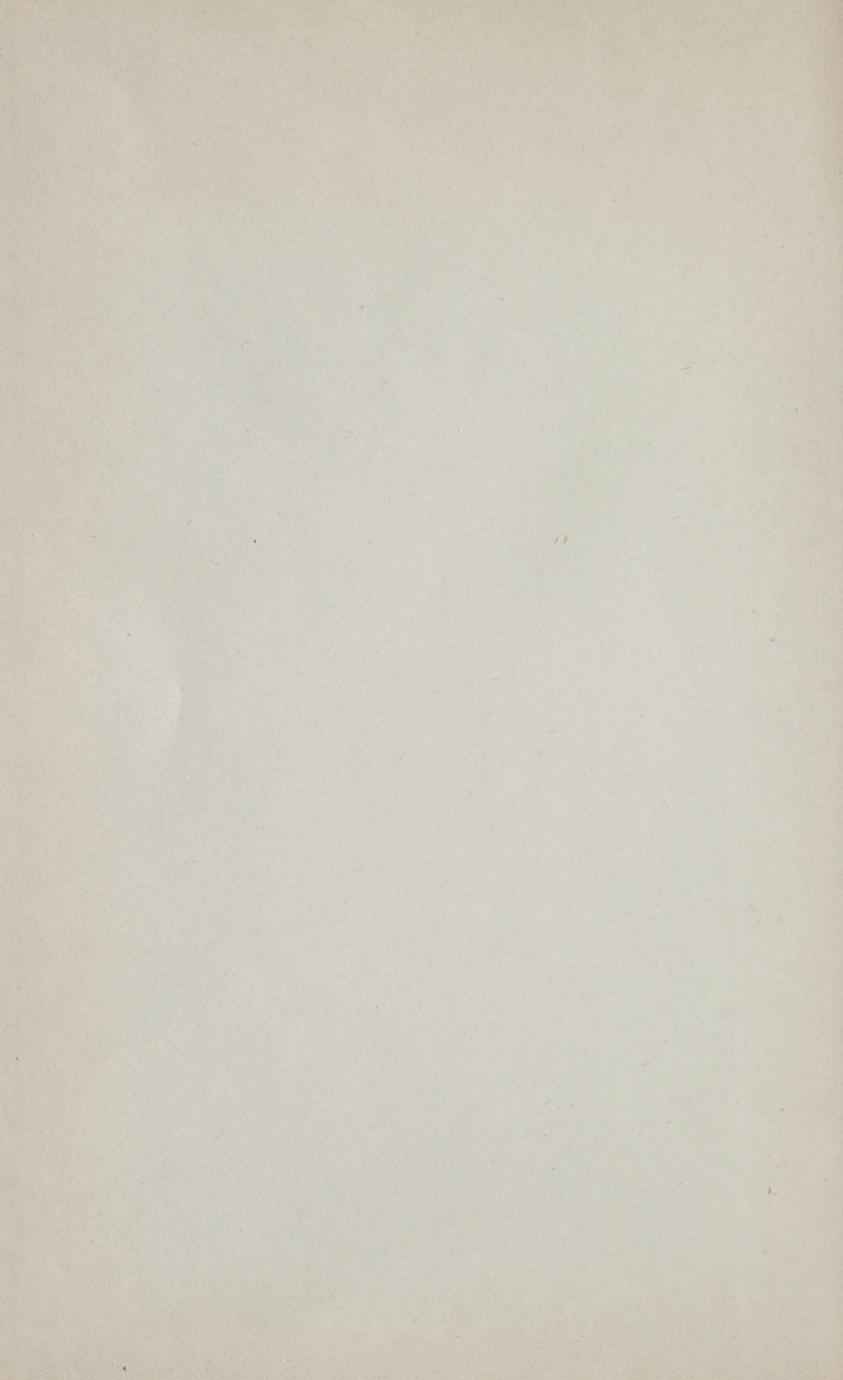
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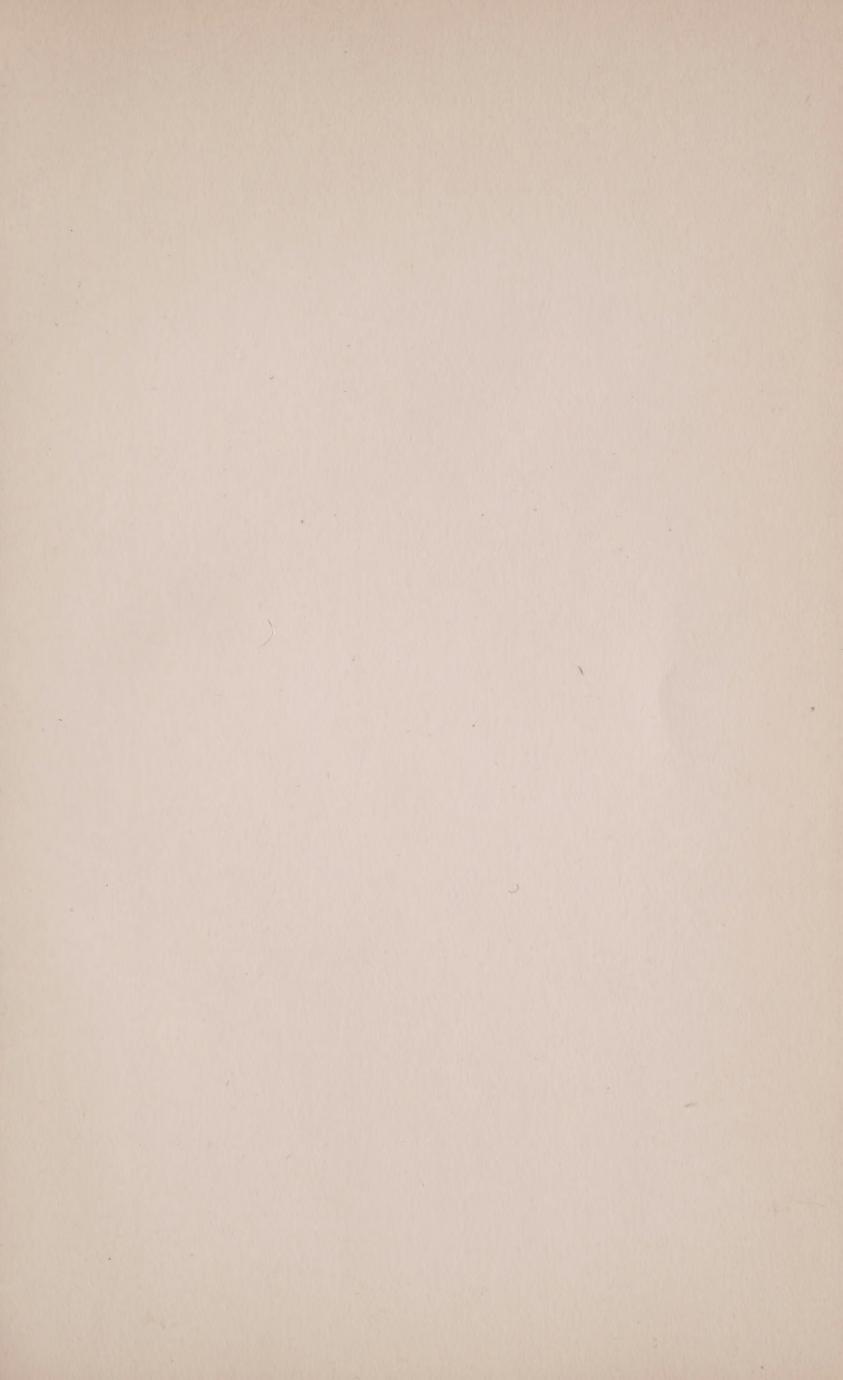
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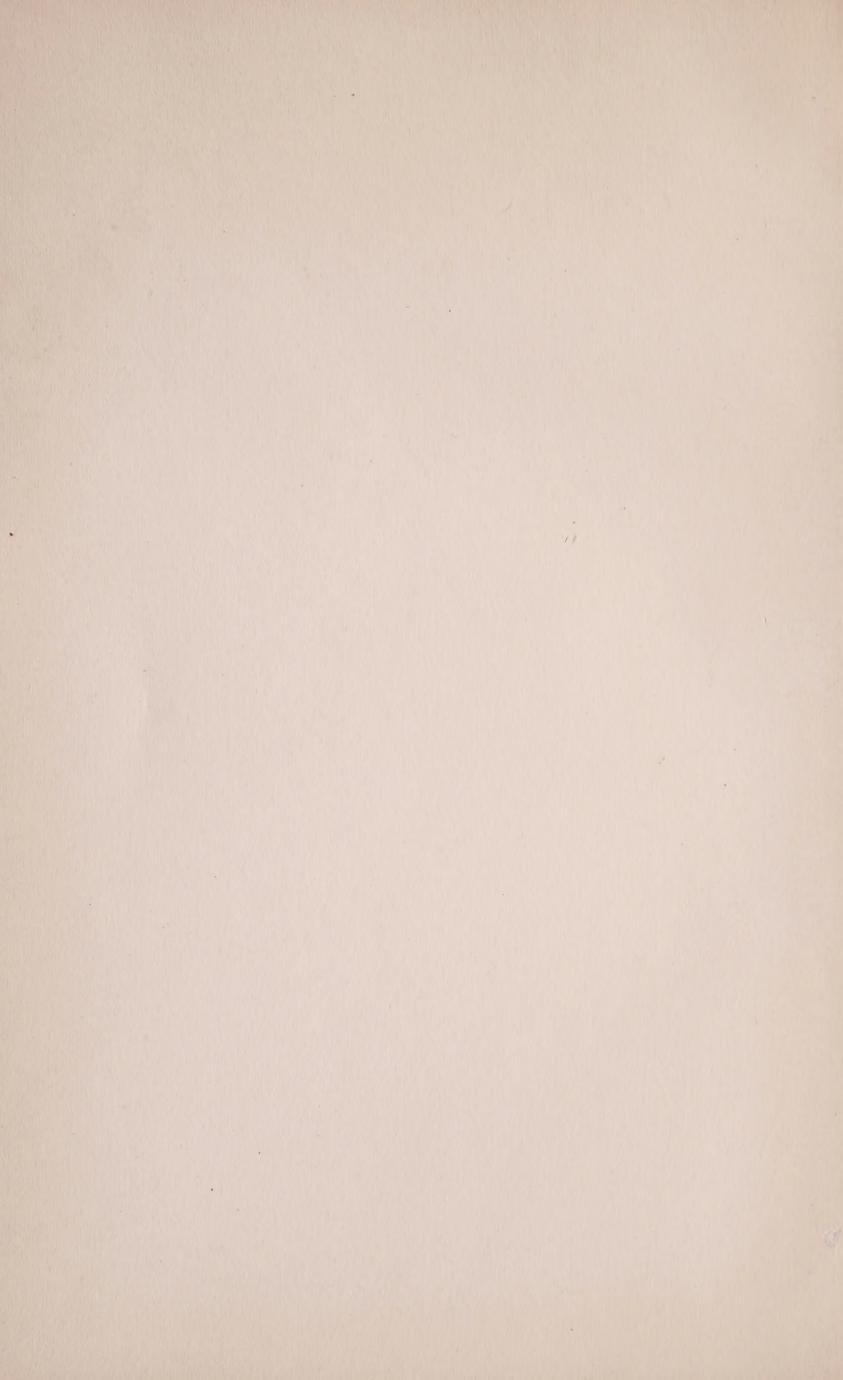
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DUDLEY STAMP

ROCKY MOUNTAINS

A TRUE STORY

By C. W. STAMP

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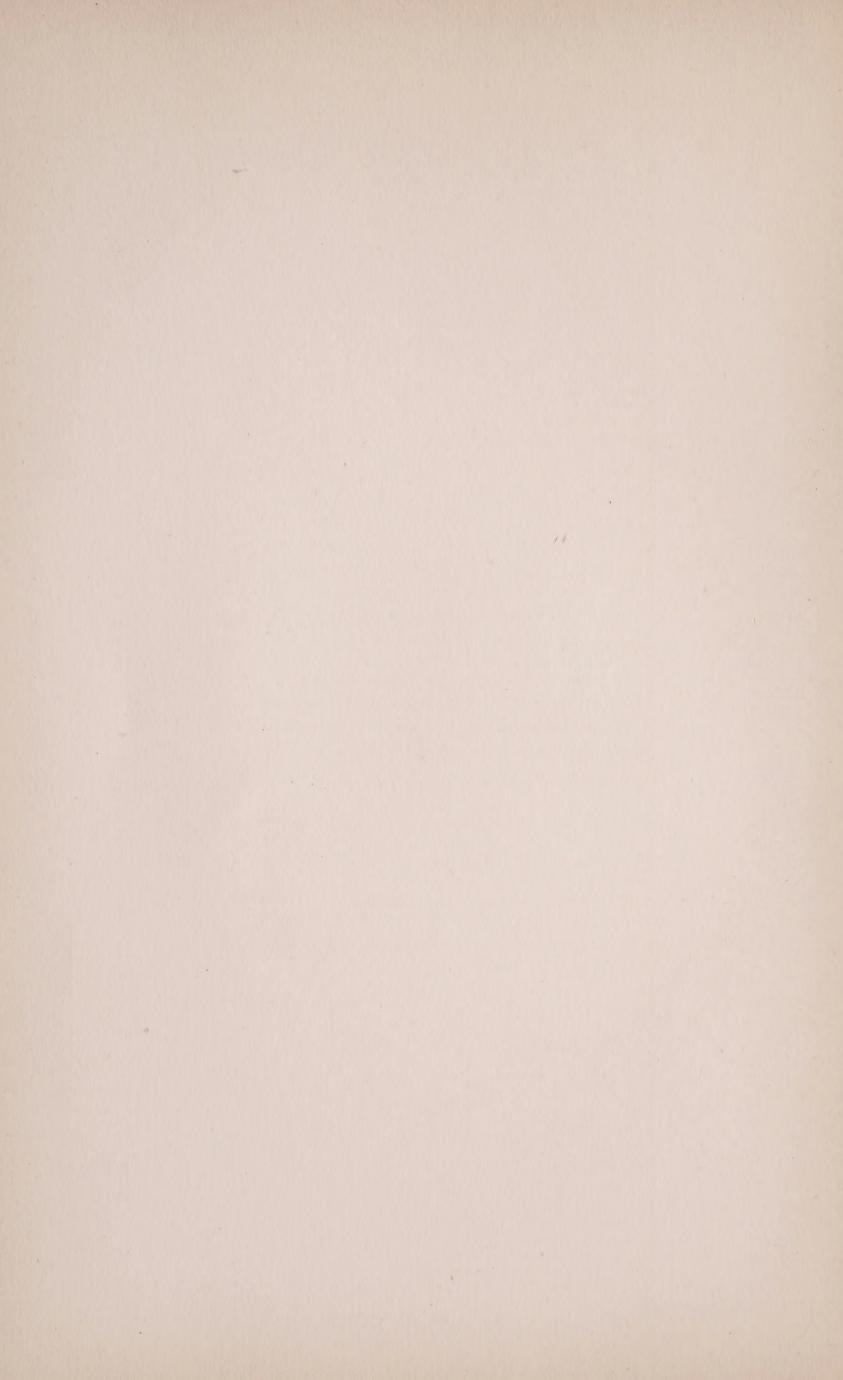
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TO MY

devoted wife, Mrs. Blanche E. Stamp, to whom I am profoundly indebted for whatever success I may have had in my labors for the betterment of humanity, and whose timely and valuable suggestions have greatly assisted me in writing this narrative; and whose sufferings during the dark and dreadful night, while our beautiful baby boy, only three years and six months old, was wandering on the mountains, were inexpressible, this book is affectionately dedicated.

-The Author.



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PREFACE

The object of this narrative is to give a true and detailed account of the sad and thrilling experiences and scenes of our own beautiful baby boy who was lost in the Rocky Mountains. The book has been prepared with special reference to the children and young people, although we trust those of mature age will find the perusal of its pages helpful as well as interesting.

The reader may feel assured that, while he is following, in the story, the rugged, mountain path over which Dudley's weary feet stumbled along on his perilous journey, he is, at the same time, following the dauntless spirit of the heroic little fellow, whose determination to conquer was equal to his valor.

The drawings which represent the different scenes are as true to nature as the artist could reproduce them, and the pictures of Dudley were drawn from a photograph that was taken about the time he was lost. The artist has, by request, thrown the strong, but mild character into the features of the child in every sketch.

As the boy was lost in the night, all the illustrations, except one, are of necessity, night scenes; and thus they reflect the dreariness of the dark and gloomy way of the little wanderer. In this we have endeavored to keep as close to the facts as possible, as this is a true story.

THE AUTHOR.

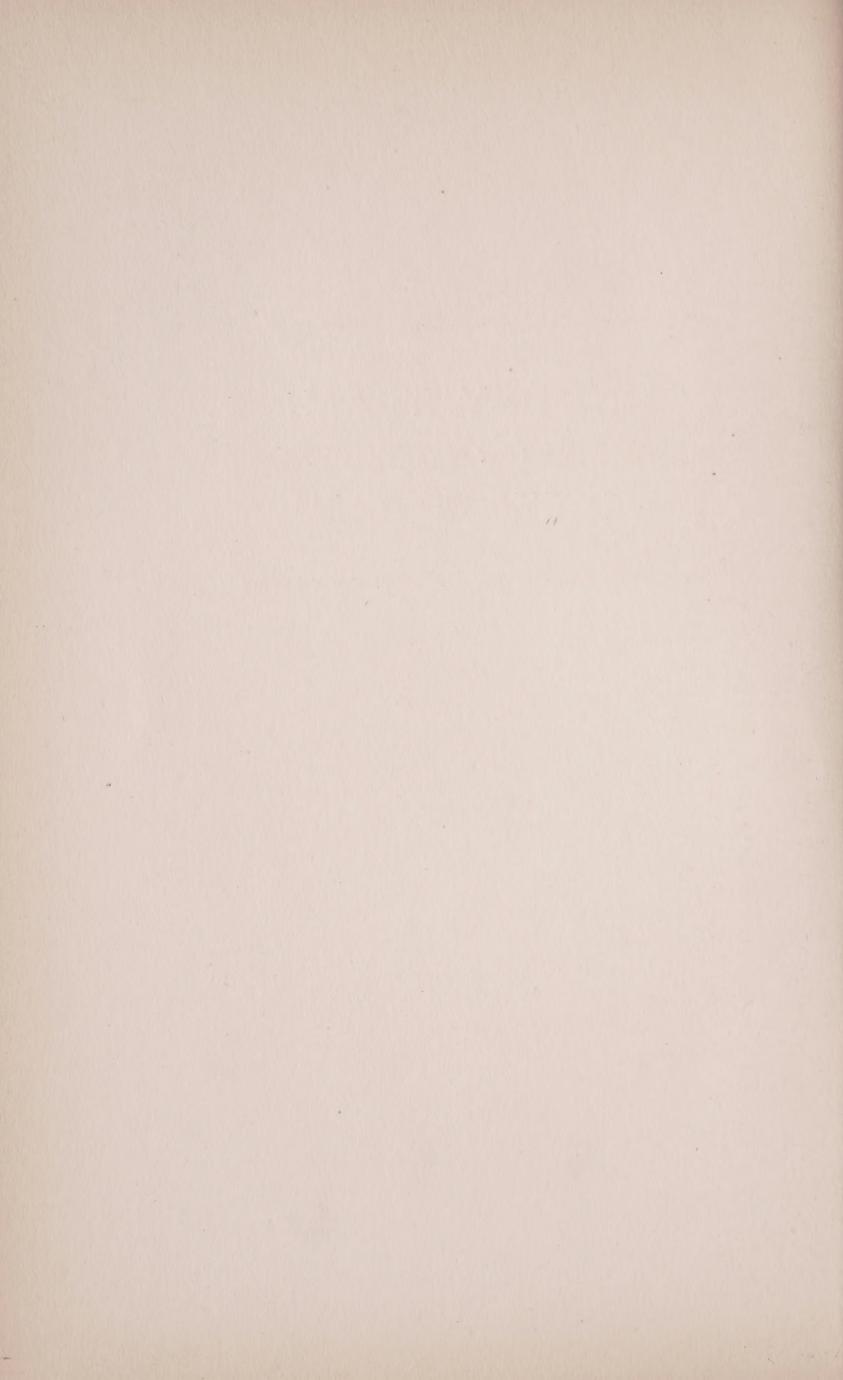














PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST AND SECOND YEARS.



beautiful boy was born to us, and came as a precious gift of heaven. Yea, the charm of the baby's presence in every home is as the sun's dazzling splendor in the dawn of day. For the moment, tem-

poral interests, pleasure and prosperity, are forgotten when the eyes of the first-born son open upon the faces of loving parents, and they too, meet that strange, dependent but satisfied gaze. Sweet mutual love bounds into being, and a sense of ability to protect comes into the life of the parent, and a corresponding sense of trust to the heart of the child. O glorious morn of the advent of the little stranger.

When this new joy is realized, all other joy fades away like the dew. Through the changing events of time, the home may be saddened by the shadows

of affliction, or distressed by the gloomy prospects of financial disaster; through disappointment the attractions of society may lose their interest; but that winsome one ever holds and comforts the unified hearts, and forms a permanent foundation for future hopes.

The sunshine of these hopes came into our lives when Dudley, the subject of this narrative, was lent to us for a time. It was as the unfolding of a new day. Our hearts had always been happy and our home was rich with hallowed peace, and nothing seemed to be lacking to make that peace perpetual. But like those who have always lived within the limits of the narrow valley of their childhood, and who are afforded the great pleasure of a journey to another country, thus extending their vision of life, so the borders of our home and home interests were enlarged; and as the flowing stream passes onward through scenes of delight that are ever changing, we were conscious of love's streams flowing onward through ever new and changing pastures.

Our thoughts passed out from the confines of self, and planned for the possibilities of a noble,

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dignified and useful life for the treasure placed in our care. While crossing the broad plains of the far west, the dim outlines of the distant mountains make their appearance and then the lofty peaks loom up beyond.

This scene invariably produces a feeling of greatness; of enlargedness of vision and nobler ideas. The tether is parted and new and fresh feeding grounds are found. Thus the responsibilities of this new charge began to be realized and the prospects of another life rose up in the distance with never ending charms. The world was larger. Self was smaller. Clustering around our darling babe were the hopes, aspirations and joys of another existence. We have thought of the mother of Moses, when she saw for the first, her lovely child, and when it was revealed to her that he was a "proper child." Dudley was a proper child. Broad browed, sparkling eyes, ruddy countenance and golden curls marked him superior. His beauty was known throughout the neighborhood, and though an infant, he became the object of interest and the talk of the community.

The days passed swiftly by, and like all other mothers, his mother was anxiously awaiting the gladsome day when she might be allowed to take him to the house of the Lord. That consecrated place was to be the first where the eyes of the public should be permitted to look upon the face of the one who had brought treasures of happiness to us. That day came. It was the Holy Sabbath day. At the close of the service, the people gathered around the mother, and exclaimed: "What a beautiful child!" As his big, dark eyes opened upon the walls of the sanctuary, he seemed to be sensible of the sacredness of the hour.

From that day Dudley was the idol of everyone. His growth was phenomenal. Perfect health added to his charms, and these charms grew with his growth.

Being a minister, we were transferred to the city of Philadelphia, by the request of the bishop, when Dudley was but a year old. Our surroundings were different; but our baby was as popular here as he was in his western home. New acquaintances were added to the number of loving admirers. Young ladies considered it a rare pleasure to be permitted to take him to the parks, and for short boat rides on the river for an outing. His appreciation was expressed by his smiles and tokens of happiness, and he continued in favor with the people. Such was the admiration of these friends that they had his picture taken and enlarged.

When he was two years old, the doctors ordered a change of climate for the mother as the bad air and impure water of the great city were undermining her health. The dry climate of Colorado was recommended, and accordingly the family began to make preparations for the journey to the city of Denver, which was to be their future home.

The distance between Philadelphia and Denver is so great that our eastern friends considered the trip a hard and tiresome one, and that it would be very taxing on our strength. It would have been wearisome, indeed, but for the comfort that constantly came to us from the expressions of admiration and delight for our boy by the passengers of the different

trains along the way. There was something about the child that attracted the travelers. Everybody wanted to hold him. First one and then another took him and seemed reluctant to give him up; all wanting him to be with them to the end of their journey.

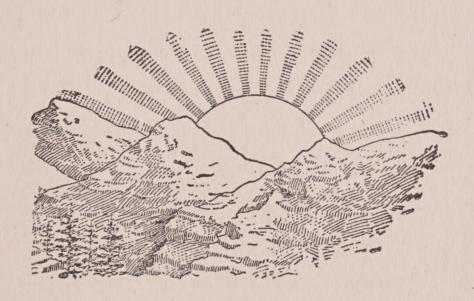
A stop was made on the way in order that we might pay a visit to the grandparents. It would be useless to try to describe the scene caused by the pleasure that happy meeting brought to those loving hearts. Dudley had been away from them for a year and the reunion was an evidence of the great affection that existed between them.

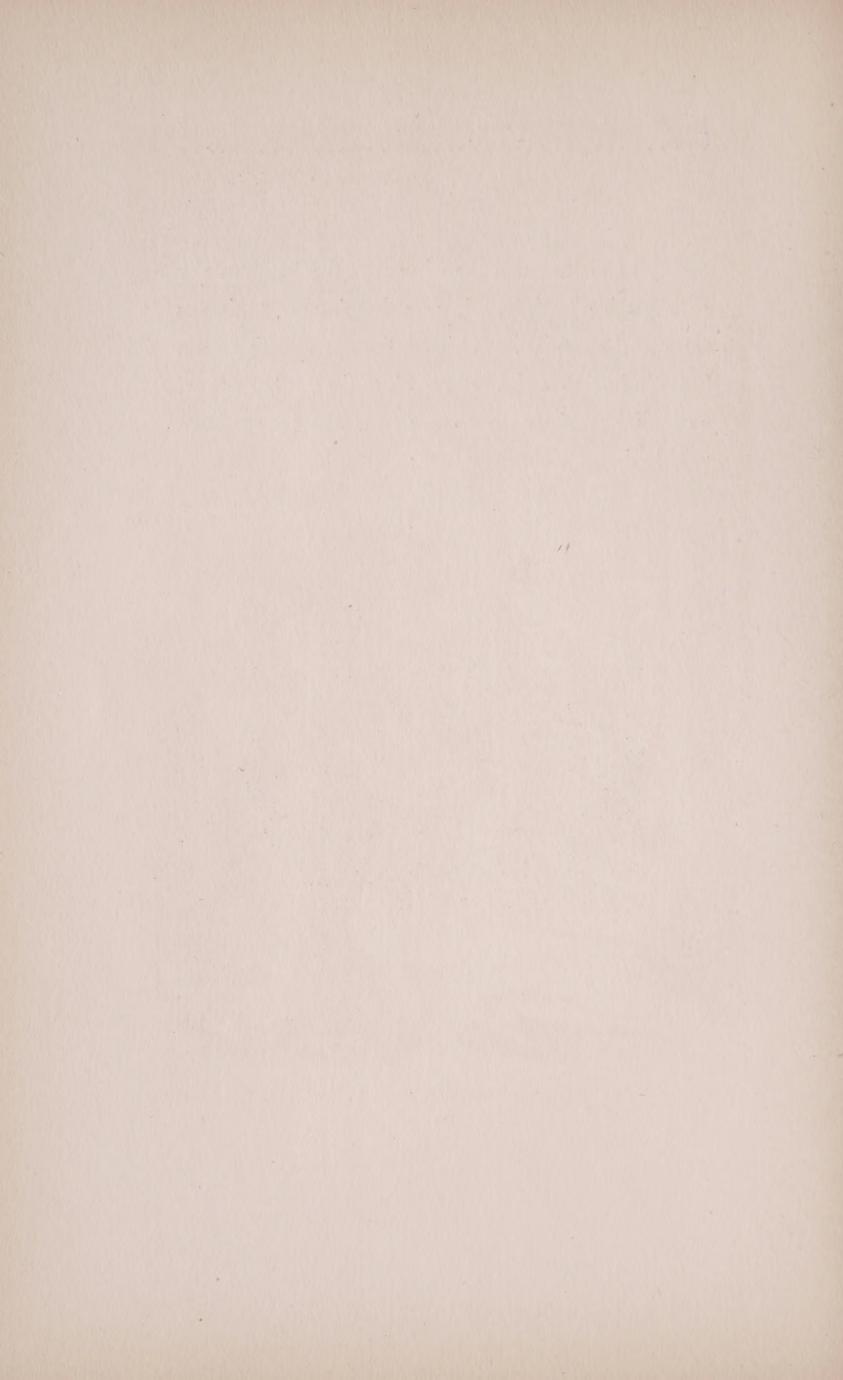
A few weeks at the old homestead, and the journey is resumed. Across the broad plains we sped, continually making the distance greater between us and former associations. While old friends were not to be forgotten, we were to make new ones.

Finally the destination was reached. We found ourselves among strangers and in a strange land. Not far away rose the lofty ranges of the Rocky Mountains. Peak above peak they lifted their

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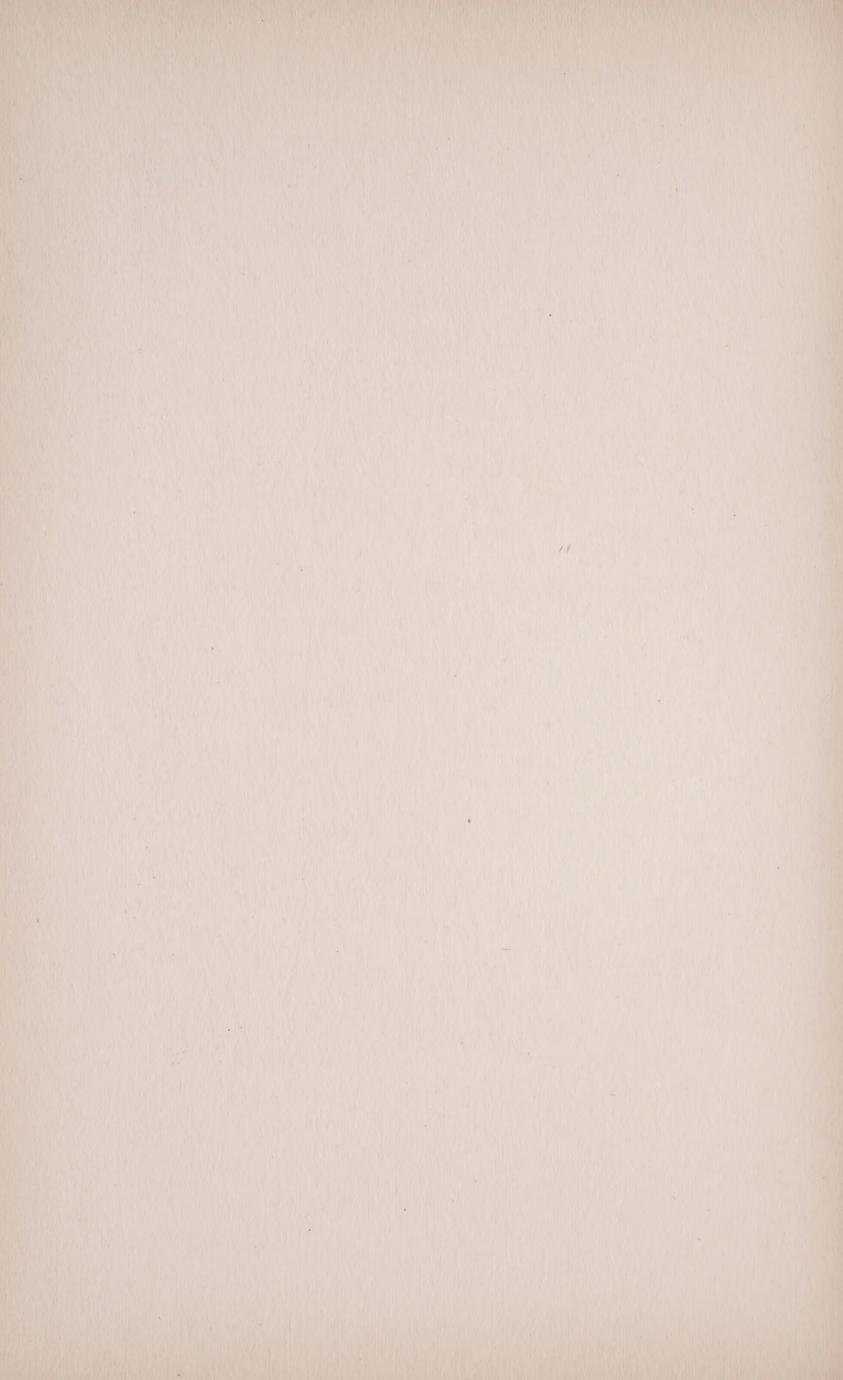
snowy heads towards the blue sky; the "Italian sky of America." The air was bracing and always clear and sunshiny. This continuous sunshine soon brought back the glow of health to the mother's face, and all uneasiness as to a permanent break-down vanished.







"Ha! He thinks I'm coming back, but I'll fool him this time."





CHAPTER II.

DUDLEY'S LIFE IN DENVER.

HE "Queen City" has many attractions for the visitor from the east. Coming directly from the low, damp atmosphere, one notices the change in the surroundings with some astonishment. The rare-

fied air impresses you in a remarkable manner, and seems to remind you of another world. Distances have the appearance of being shorter and everything for the time takes on a weird aspect.

There is an absence of the fine forests and the green fields of the lower altitudes, and a sense of barrenness and wildness prevails throughout the state of Colorado. The mountains are grand beyond description, however, and this makes up for the lack of verdure. Denver is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Its streets are broad, and

they are lined with shade trees; the houses are modern and the lawns are nicely kept. One feature of beauty is the little stream that runs along by the roots of the trees on each side of the street. This is a system of irrigation which is necessary in this country where it rarely ever rains. When the grass needs moisture, these streams are turned onto the lawns and the gardens are flooded. Thus the desert is made to blossom as the rose, and the parched ground becomes a pool.

Our little Dudley was robust and strong in the fine climate of this western country, and he developed with amazing rapidity. While mild and gentle in disposition, he knew no fear. Fear did not seem to be an element of his nature. He loved to play, and he sometimes indulged in the sport of teasing his baby sister; though he loved her, and cared for her with exceptional tenderness. Among other things given him to make his life a pleasure, was a palmetto tent. This tent was set up in the yard, and here he and his sister, who was then just beginning to walk, had many of their playthings, and here many happy hours were spent.

Dudley always wanted a dog. As we lived in the city we decided that it was not the best thing, though we desired to do all we could to please him. Dudley, however, thought he would take the business into his own hands one day, and while playing in the front yard, a farmer came along with a load of hay. On that load of hay he had a dog that he evidently wanted to get rid of. Seeing our little boy, he said: "Hello, little man, don't you want a dog?" This was enough. Now was the chance to surprise papa, and to become the owner of that which he so long had wanted. No sooner had the man spoken, than the answer was given: "Yes, sir, I do."

The dog having a rope around his neck, it was an easy matter to let him down from the load, and in a moment Dudley was leading his treasure back to his play-tent. It was soon tied to the tent pole, and the child waited anxiously for his father to return that he might show him his great bargain. On his father's return the proud owner shouted, "Oh papa, come and see my dog!" Hastening around

to the tent, there he found the dog, and Dudley was encouraged over his good fortune.

However, the happiness arising from his new possession did not last long. The dog proved to be anything but a safe companion for the two children. One day it came running and barking toward them while they were playing at the far end of the yard, and acted mad and savage. It seemed to be determined to bite the little girl. Dudley saw it coming and immediately jumped in between the infuriated beast and his sister, and began to beat the dog. By his brave efforts he kept it off till the father could get there and kill the animal. He had stood his ground like a general on the battle field, and showed the strength and fearlessness of his character.

Another incident that brought out the business trend of his mind occurred about this time. He was ever bent on engaging in business and speculating in some way, though not always being particular as to the outcome. His father had bought a new bridle for the horse, paying two dollars and fifty cents for it, when a boy passed the house carrying two small

fish not over six inches in length. He had caught these fish in the Platte River and was on his way home with them, when Dudley bantered him for a trade. Holding up the new bridle, he said: "Here, I will trade you this bridle for those fish." The lad took the little trader up at his offer; handing the fish over, he took his pay. Running into the house, the young merchant cried out, "Look here, papa, see my fish. I traded my bridle for them." It was rather expensive diet, but the child had the experience, and had transacted some business.

A short time before the fish transaction took place, a young horse was purchased for the carriage. The horse was unbroken, but proved to be gentle and kind, though he was large and powerful. To please the boy, his father allowed him to call this horse his own, and they decided to name him Dick. Dick and his little master soon became fast friends and Dudley spent a good part of his time in the barn playing with his horse. Dick would permit him to climb up into the manger, then onto his back, or to get down and run about his feet. He always seemed to

be careful not to step on him or to injure him in any way. This relieved the parents of all fears as to his safety while he was about the stable.

One day the horse was tied to the yard fence. The family were in the house, as company had called, and Dudley was left to play with Dick. A while before this a strong, two-wheeled cart had been made for the little boy, and he took great pride in it. That he might be further pleased, his father had bought him a long rope, a piece of clothes line. He also had other pieces of rope of different lengths. With these he thought of a scheme of harnessing the colt to his cart and having a ride. Accordingly he climbed onto the fence and fastened one end of the rope to the halter, bringing the other end around to the cart. Then, in order to have two lines, he untied the long halter strap and brought that around on the other side for the other line. Next he had to hitch the colt to the cart. This was not so easily done. One of the short pieces of rope was found with which he thought to complete the harness. As Dick had no traces to his new harness, his master considered the

quickest way was to tie the rope to the tongue of his cart and then to Dick's tail. The horse had a long, bushy tail which came nearly to the ground.

Dudley proceeded to make the knot. This was done all right, but on trying its holding qualities the little fellow found that it would not stick; but that it slipped off as often as he tied it on. This failure caused the child no little uneasiness. What to do. was a question. However, he was not to be outdone by trifles, and this obstacle was to be overcome in some way. A new idea enters his young mind. Dick's hind leg would hold the rope better. Could he fasten the rope here, it would doubtless hold fast. As was stated, the horse was very gentle and now made no resistance to the efforts of the would-be horse breaker. No sooner does this idea of hitching the cart to the animal's leg enter the boy's mind than it is put into practice.

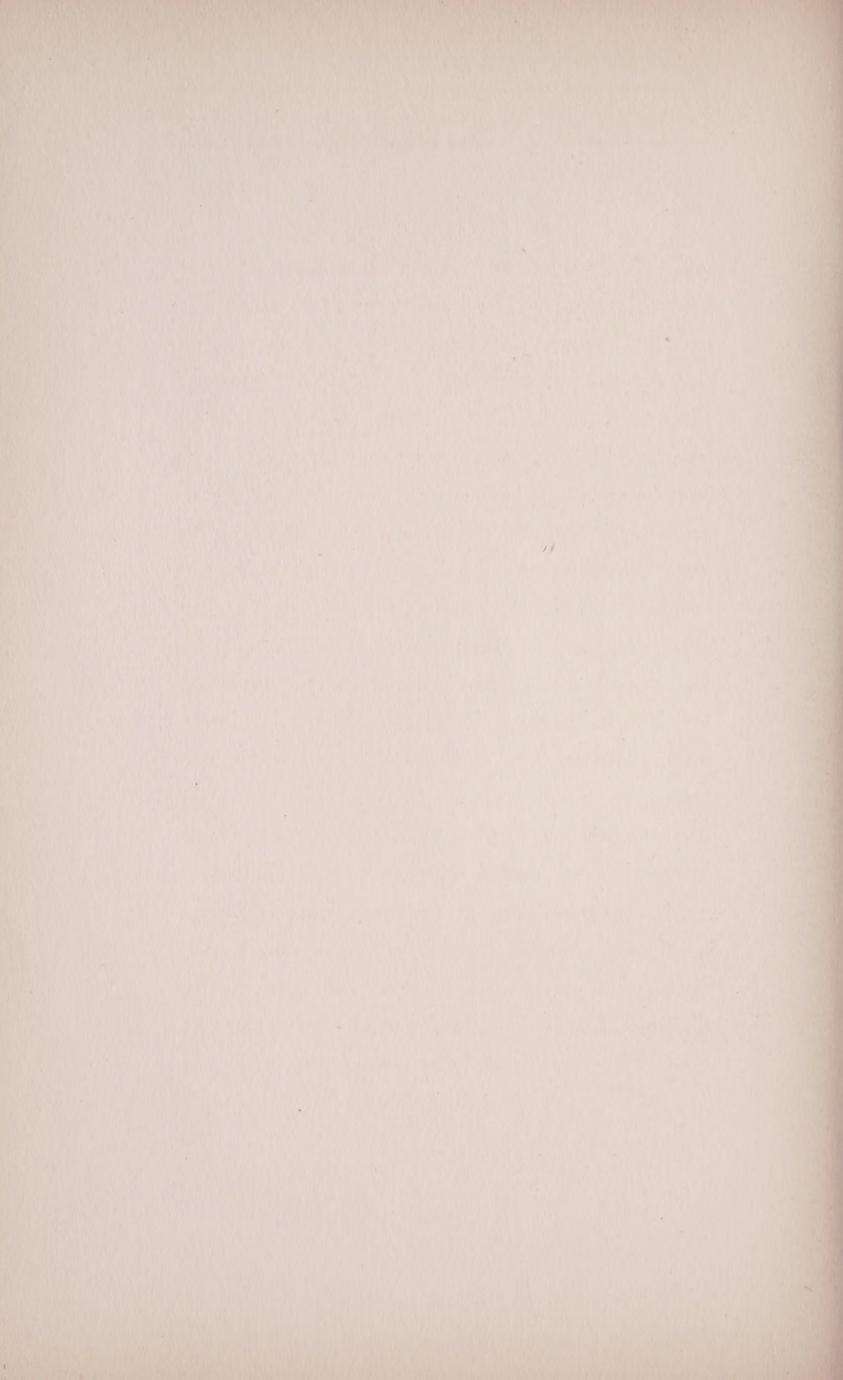
The rope was soon made secure, and thus the hitching up was complete. Now for the ride. But a good driver must have a whip, thought Dudley, especially in handling a young horse. Going to the

carriage house, he took the long whip out of the carriage, and then gathered up the lines, made out of rope and leather, and climbed into the cart. The tongue of this wagon was about three feet long, and the rope that was used to fasten it to Dick's leg was about the same length. This brought the driver nearly two yards from the horse's feet; just about the right distance to receive the full force of his heels should he become frightened and begin to kick.

Being well seated in the strong box, and getting the reins in proper place, Dudley brought that long whip down upon Dick's back with a loud crack, which caused him to start with a bound. Away he went, trotting around the large yard. Every step lifted the cart nearly off the ground and the ride, though somewhat after the cow-boy style, was not altogether agreeable to our young horse trainer. Now, he began to think about getting out of the wagon. But that was not as easy as it had been to get into it. He was now going at a great rate of speed and there was but little time to devise a plan which would enable him to land on the ground with-



"I want my mamma! I want my mamma!"



out some hard bumps. Then, again, the colt might take to kicking, which would be certain death. next best thing he considered, was to get help. was the right thing to do. It is always the proper thing to do in the time of need. Laying aside his proud feelings, he began to cry out for some one to stop the horse. They were not faint cries, but pleadings that indicated his earnestness. Hearing his voice, his father rushed to the door in time to see him bumping and bounding around the yard, and in great danger of being seriously hurt. It was a scene of intense excitement. But in a moment the father was at the horse's head. The mother, however, with true mother instinct, ran immediately to the cart and caught the child up out of danger. The horse was soon stopped and Dudley willingly left the breaking of young horses to more experienced horsemen.

Living a few doors away, was a family who kept a very large mastiff. It was a savage and dangerous dog that was never allowed to run at large. This dog stood higher than Dudley's head, he was so very large. He was kept for a watch dog. No one *******

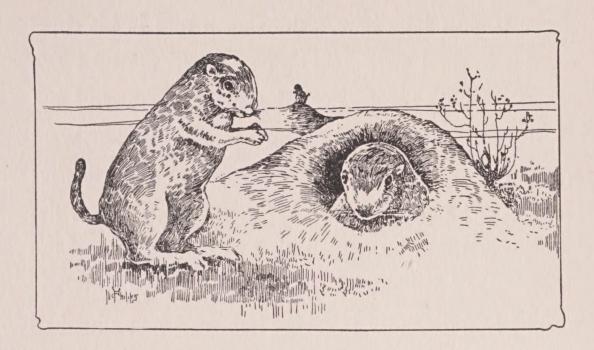
except the members of the family was permitted to go near him for it was not safe.

One day our little child went over to this house. Unknown to the people the dog had, in some way, broken his chain and was running around the yard. Dudley passed along through the yard and was met by the mastiff. About this time the lady of the house opened the door, and to her amazement and fear, saw the child standing in front of the beast, holding his great jaws tightly in his hands. The baby boy thought this was fine sport. But the lady knew the vicious nature of the mastiff and the danger in which the child was placed, and with screams she ran out and grabbed the little fellow, as it were, from the jaws of death.

On another occasion when sickness was in the home, and his mother was unable to look after him as closely as usual, and as he was so active, he had been allowed to go to a neighbor who lived near by. On returning to the house, he said to his mother, "Mamma, I have had a ride on a cow's horn." "Dudley, what do you say?" was the question asked

by his mother. "Well, I did, and if you don't believe it, just look here," showing a rent in his dress and a bruised arm. "The cow lifted me up twice mamma." This awakened some interest, and not fully understanding the situation, the mother went over to the neighbor in order to learn the facts regarding the circumstance. On making inquiry, the lady said: "Yes, your little boy came over and the cow rushed at him and tossed him up in the air twice, and I had difficulty in saving him from being hooked to death. She would perhaps have destroyed his life if I had not come to the door at that moment."





CHAPTER III.

 THE CAMP MEETING

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CHAPTER III.

THE CAMP MEETING.



AMP meetings originated with the Cumberland Presbyterians. They became so effective and resulted in such great good, other churches adopted them, and for many years have been held by differ-

ent denominations. The people take canvas tents and supplies for a ten days' meeting and go to some favorable place where good shade may be had, and there form a camp. Services are held several times a day.

Our church was formative in this western country, and it was decided by the conference, to hold a camp meeting in the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. This meeting was to be held in the month of June, and the location was a wild, rough country with high mountains and deep valleys; a place of great rocks and woods interspersed with raw prairie.

The houses are far apart and the whole country bears the appearance of wildness. All the land lies open except the fields that are used for tillage, and cattle and horses roam at large. Wild beasts, including coyotes, grey wolves, mountain lions and bears, infest this region. The coyotes are large, powerful beasts, resembling the gray wolf of the north. They generally roam in the night in packs, and are rarely seen alone. They burrow under high bluffs and among the half covered rocks. In these secluded, out-of-the-way places, they rear their young. When very hungry, not having been successful in the nightly foraging expedition, they are sometimes seen in the day time. As several of them travel together, they are even more bold and ferocious than they would be when alone.

The cry of this terrible animal has a mournful, sad sound that always produces a feeling of sorrow. As it is heard in the stillness of the night when all around is hushed in silence, there is a sense of weirdness that makes one feel like fleeing to a place of safety. Sometimes this unnatural cry is so much

like the cry of a child in distress, a sense of horror passes through your entire being. There is no sound like it. It is simply indescribable.

At this time the farmers were being annoyed in an unusual way by a large number of these marauders, carrying off their calves and killing their young cattle. As the roads through the country in Colorado are always in excellent condition, and as the open air of the Rocky Mountain region is dry and bracing, it was decided to make the trip to the camp in the carriage. To one coming from the crowded city of Philadelphia, to travel in this manner is a rare pleasure. The towering snow-caps on the one side and the broad, extended plains on the other, with hills and valleys, gullies and rocks, the journey is furnished with a constant change of interest. With this ever changing scenery and an easy surrey the way seemed too short.

The road leads up a steep grade which leaves the city of Denver at an elevation of five thousand feet, and reaches a height of nearly nine thousand feet in the mountains. Thus the traveling was necessarily slow. The whole trip consumed two days.

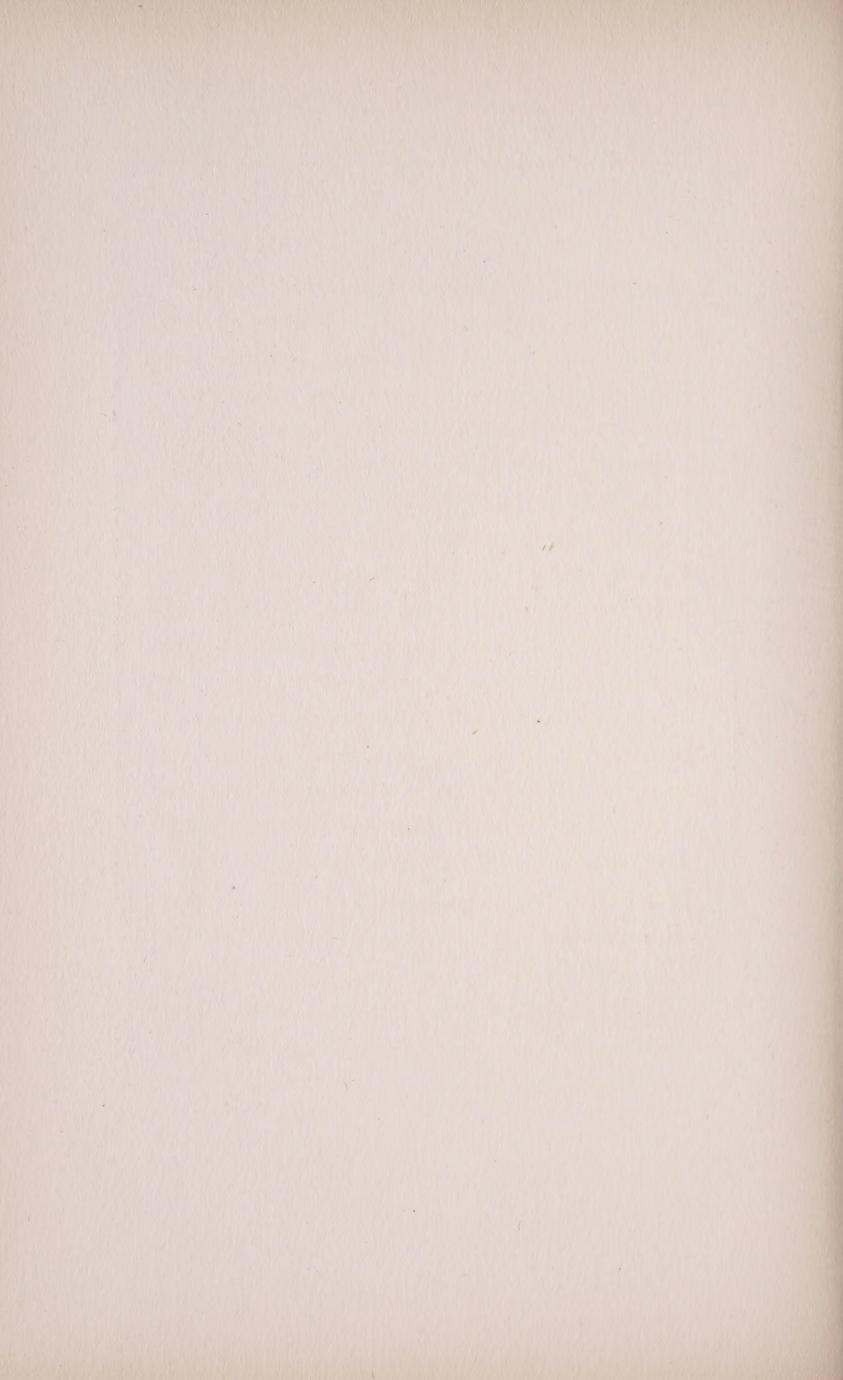
Dudley was delighted with this journey. He was getting away from the busy city. He was getting out into the great, open world where nature reflects even to the child the touches of the Creator. Life and beauty lend their inspiring influence everywhere. But while there were huge and towering ranges, enormous rocks and vast plains showing the expanse of the world around him, the child was attracted more by the cunning little prairie dogs which he saw in large numbers along the way. These small animals live in colonies of hundreds, and sometimes thousands. These colonies are called "prairie-dog towns."

Sometimes a large jack rabbit would bound out from under a bunch of tall grass or clump of sagebrush, and go leaping over the rocks and valleys, and a number of coyotes were occasionally seen skulking across the country.

Finally the camp was reached. Some had arrived a day in advance of our party and were settled comfortably in the tented grove. Others were still preparing their temporary abode, and everything con-



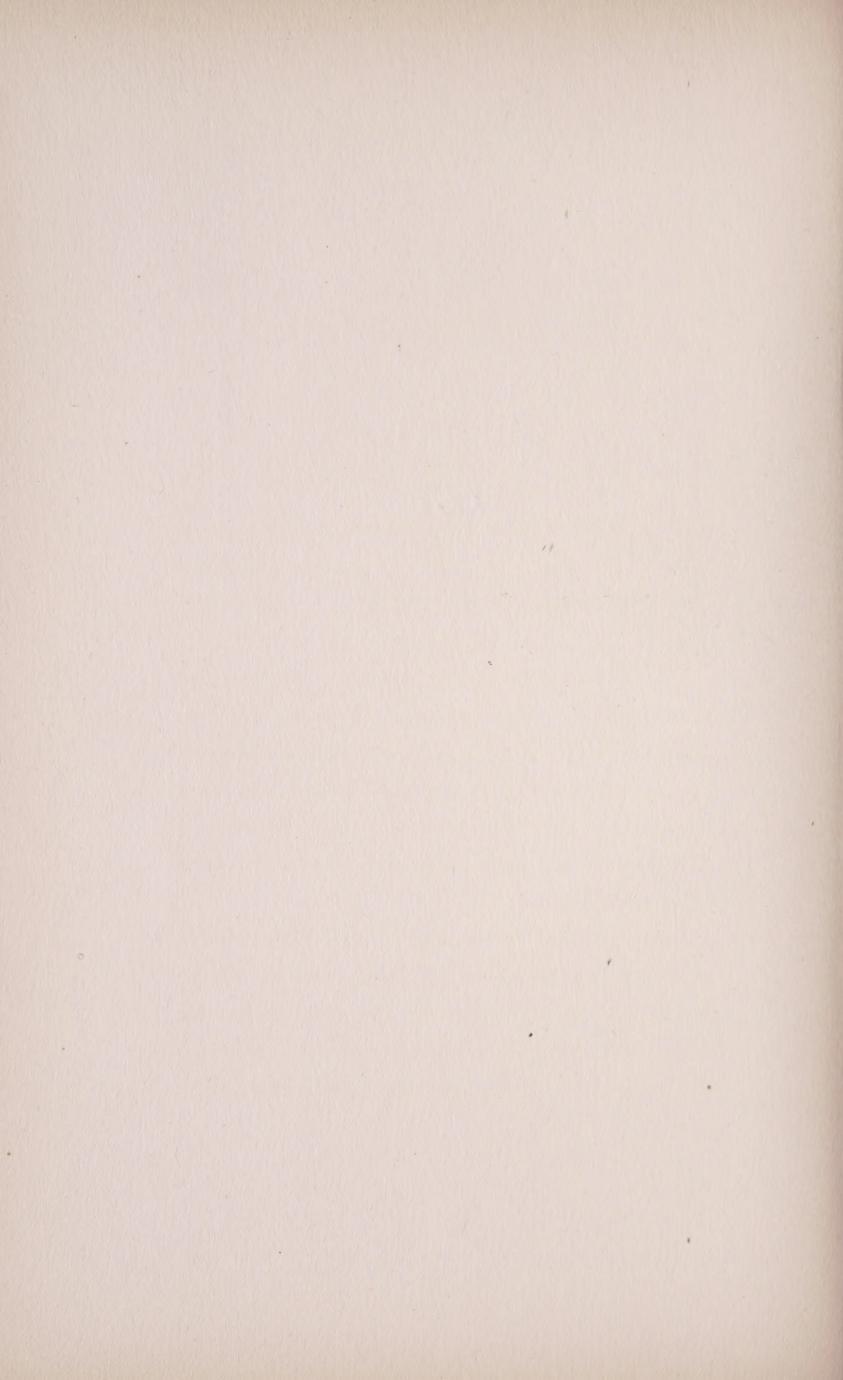
"I went into that barn and counted the horses. There are four in there."



nected with this sojourn in the mountains by such a company of people created no little interest among the settlers. This primitive manner of divine worship attracted large crowds to the encampment. Some came through curiosity of course, having a natural disposition to inquire into that which was new and strange to them. The majority, however, were drawn from higher and nobler interests; from a sense of good received from the profound truths they heard from that improvised pulpit in the wilderness, and from a sense of the hallowed influences of heaven that pervaded the place in sanction of the consecrated effort to contribute to the development of better conditions. Elderly people who had been in the country from its earliest history in connection with the settlement of the white man, and when the Indian watched with an unfriendly and envious eye the encroachments of the stranger on his domains, attended the gathering with pleasant recollections of the childhood days in the far away land of the east when assemblies of this kind were common among them. The middle-aged, with their families and hired men, came with no less interest.

The children were allowed to play around the grounds between the hours of service, and their joyful voices were heard in every direction through the woods surrounding the camp. During the first week our little son had made many acquaintances among these children. Being of a vigorous but agreeable disposition his company was welcomed by all. They regarded him with special interest and gave him unusual notice as he had so recently come to their western country from the great city of Philadelphia. As he was dressed in kilt suits, and as he wore long golden curls which hung gracefully around his shoulders, he caused some comment among the older boys, and perhaps a slight tinge of jealousy was allowed to creep into the heart.

Among the many children and young people in the encampment was a mischievous boy twelve years old. This lad was fond of playing tricks and teasing the smaller children. He liked Dudley though, and admired his manly ways. But as his nature was to get amusement out of everything, he could not refrain from working his childish pranks on him and of having some fun at his expense.



CHAPTER IV.

LOST.

NE day, in the afternoon, a lady came to the tent of Dudley's parents, bringing a portion of plum pudding, saying: "Mrs. Stamp, pardon me, but would you accept some of this plum pudding for

your supper?" The token of friendship was received with gratitude especially as it was given as an expression of a loving heart. Dudley overheard the conversation and said: "O mamma, I will help you get supper, and won't we have a good supper?"

At this time the quarterly conference was in session in the large tent. Taking Dudley by the hand, his mother walked with him to the tabernacle to hear the discussion of the different subjects before the conference. They took seats near the entrance,

and the little fellow heard his playmates talking just outside the canvas walls of the tent as they were busy at play, and asked to be permitted to join them. As they were close by, the mother readily gave her consent. His prattle was soon heard mingling with the rest, and the moments passed quickly. Not long after he had gone out to play with the others, he came back with a troubled expression. Looking up into his mother's face he said: "Mamma, is I a girl?" "No Dudley, you are not," was the comforting answer. He then ran away again to engage in the play with the children as before. But he did not stay long this time. Returning with a woebegone look on his sweet face, he asked again the same question, "Mamma, is I a girl?" "Indeed, Dudley, you are not a girl, but mamma's noble boy." "Well, mamma, those boys out there have been calling me a girl." Because of his long curls and fair countenance the boys thought to tease him by calling him a girl. They could have said nothing to him that would have displeased him more than this.

Being assured by the reply of his mother, he was soon among his little friends as joyful as though nothing had happened. While they were all talking and laughing together, his mother could easily distinguish his voice from the others and there was no concern as to his whereabouts or his safety.

On the pine trees of the Rocky Mountains there is to be found the natural gum that the children love to gather. As the people were engaged with the business of the conference in the tabernacle, the mischievous youth, mentioned in the preceding chapter, thought it would be a fine thing, and that it would be great sport, to take Dudley out into the woods and leave him there; to compel the baby boy from Philadelphia to find his way back to the camp the best he could. Accordingly he told the child about the nice gum out there, and what fun it would be to gather some. Dudley's curiosity was aroused immediately. Away they went beyond the circle of tents out into the thick forest of stately pines. There being plenty of underbrush and huge rocks, it was not a difficult task to get the little boy where he might ******************

be confused as to directions, and where the camp could not be seen. While there the bad boy said: "Now, Dudley, you stay here and I will go back to the tent and get a tin cup to put the gum in."

Meantime Dudley's mother failed to hear the prattle of her baby boy, and went to the entrance of the tabernacle to look after him. To her surprise he was not to be seen. Immediately she ran to the other tents to make inquiry and learn of his whereabouts. No one had noticed him and knew not what had become of him. Hurrying back to the tabernacle, she called to his father saying: "Dudley is lost! I fear he has fallen into the well." This well had been made for the use of the camp, and was not curbed safely, and was also left uncovered most of the time. The first thought would naturally be that the child had been playing near the well and had fallen in. In a few moments this well was probed, but he was not there. "Dudley is lost!" was the news that passed from one to the other. "Dudley is lost," they shouted from tent to tent and intense excitement prevailed throughout the encampment.

As the little one had attracted so much attention and had become so popular, and had endeared himself to everybody, this announcement caused no small stir. "Where is the child?" are the words heard from the lips of everyone. The young and the old are now becoming alarmed.

It is late in the afternoon. Dudley must be found ere the sun goes down. And that great luminary which had brought cheer and guidance during the day, is about to pass down behind the lofty ranges; the shadows of night are traveling slowly toward the scene of distress; the wild beasts are bestirring themselves for the night's prowl, and the songsters are coming to their quiet homes in the pine branches.

Someone remarked that he had seen a little girl gathering flowers on the south side of the camp ground. On hearing this, and supposing our darling was taken for a little girl, on account of his flowing curls, the father requested that all the people should search in that direction. A line was formed by the men and boys, and arranged by the father, at

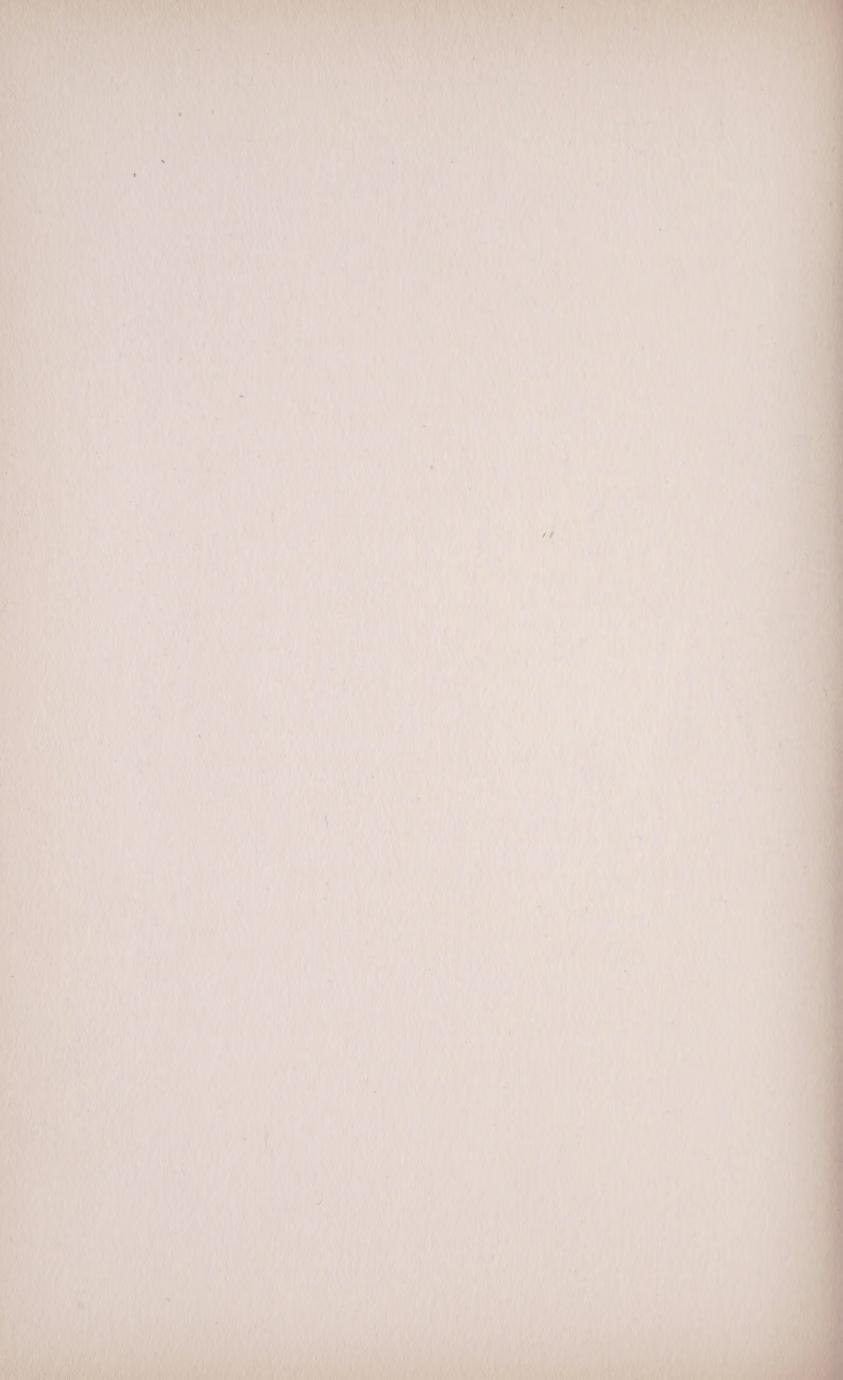
a distance of about three yards apart, and instructed to walk slowly along through that section.

The sun has gone and the darkness has come. The weirdness of the still night on these barren mountains creates an anguish of soul among the fond searchers that is indescribable. Silence prevails save for the foot-fall of those who are seeking the lost one, or the cracking of the brush and dead leaves made by a passing wolf, and the death-like stillness only adds to the anguish already becoming unbearable. The excitement increases. Crowds are now coming in for the evening service. The large lumber wagons filled with men and women who are interested in the meetings, are heard in every direction as the country is open except a few farms that are fenced in from the wild commons, and roads are made across the open prairies. Hundreds are now pouring into the woods. "A child is lost!" is heard everywhere. "Dudley Stamp is lost." The people gather in groups and in a low tone of voice, talk over the exciting circumstance.

The service is forgotten. A child is wandering



"I fell into that cellar and bleeded my nose."



far out among the hills and rocks. No mother's loving hand to guide his way, no fond father near to protect him from the ravages of wild beasts. Hungry, weary and homesick the sweet babe is trudging slowly along farther and farther out into the darkness of the dreadful night, with God's heavens as his only canopy and the chilly air as his only covering. Oh the strain! The anxiety! But no time is to be lost. Nothing is to be left undone that can be done.

The men and boys were all called together and organized into companies of six or eight, in order to prosecute a thorough search, and to patrol the country to keep off the wild animals. A number of these companies were stationed about a mile from the camp, forming a complete circle around the encampment. It was thought by this means, the coyotes and wolves, of which the mountains abound, would be kept far away from our baby; as no one considered it possible for him to get this far away as he was so young.

Two aged men, Mr. Vipond and Mr. Crouch, were left in the large tabernacle as they had requested,

to pray that the God who never slumbers or sleeps might give direction to those who were sent out to recover the child, and that he might be saved from the jaws of the ferocious beasts in their desperate efforts to find food for their own cravings and for their young that had been left in the lair. The sun has gone down and darkness has enveloped the earth. However, as if to lighten our burdens and anguish but a trifle, the moon is breaking through and a soft light bespeaks the kindly notice of the great God, and his favor in this seems to inspire a ray of hope. This faint light makes the darkness less intense and some assistance is afforded in the search.

Their beautiful boy, their first-born, is out on the mountains wild and bare; mountains infested by ravenous beasts ready to devour. Shall he be torn and mangled? Shall we ever see him again? Loud cries, expressive of the deep sorrow, penetrate the silent midnight air, and the rocks mockingly echo back that cry: "Dudley, where are you?" O, if we could but hear that sweet voice in answer: "Here I am, mamma."

On and on, through the woods, over the rocks, up on the mountain peaks, by the water courses, deeper and deeper into the canons and gullies among the hills the loved ones dash. Falling over logs, stumbling over decayed brush, tearing their clothing, scratching their hands and faces on the overhanging branches, they laboriously make their way from point to point; ever expecting to overtake their sweet baby boy.

The searchers were thrown into confusion, and the father, who was directing the search, was perplexed in his efforts to arrange the most successful plans to recover the child, because of the statement referred to above, that a little girl had been seen on the south side of the encampment. This child had resembled Dudley at a distance. About nine o'clock at night, the parents were surprised and left in despair as the searchers changed the course and moved over toward the north side of the camp. This will be explained in another chapter.

Notwithstanding all the people withdrew to seek in the north part of the woods, the father and mother continued to hunt on the south side. Thus these heart-stricken parents were left alone. Many had said: "The child cannot be far away as he is so young, and cannot travel very far before becoming faint and exhausted. He will soon fall prostrate on the ground and be fast asleep," was the general expression. On this account, the searchers were ordered by the father to remain in a circle about a mile from the center of the camp, and they were also instructed to build large fires to keep the wolves and coyotes from coming down within that line. This was done to prevent the child from being killed by the beasts while he slumbered. But strange as it seemed, while a man came into the camp for a drink of water, about one o'clock, and had only been away from his post a few moments, a pack of five coyotes came pell mell through the line, howling out in the still night. Their weird cries resembled the sad tones of a child in distress. Through the woods they dashed, out towards the opposite side from which they had come in, and soon were lost to view. was an unfavorable omen to the friends. If the beasts were so bold as to rush through the line of the sentinels, what would become of their darling boy should they find him?

Anyone who has been on the broad prairies or in the mountains alone, and heard a pack of coyotes crying as they roam the country after their prey, knows the mournful sound. The howling of two of these animals will cause you to imagine that there are a dozen.

The night is passing, the moon has gone down, and it is dark. O, so dark! "Where is our boy?" was said many times by the father and mother with bitter tears. "O, that Dudley were in our arms even in death." "How can we ever endure through life the thought of our precious baby boy having been torn to pieces by wild animals. How can we bear the thought that no tender hands could minister to his sufferings; no mother to enfold him to her breast, and no loving father to rock him to sleep."

"O, God, save our boy!" was the continual prayer that went up from those sorrowing ones. As stated above, the parents were hunting on the south side of the camp, while all the others were searching

on the north side. The father and mother were alone. No one was near. The mother was distracted; she was distressed and bewildered now that the moon had gone down and darkness had settled upon the earth. The darkness rendered it extremely difficult to run through the woods and over the rocks. It was hard enough to walk or grope along. But this was too slow for those despairing parents. Rushing from point to point they try to cover all the territory possible.

But Dudley had passed beyond the circle of protection that had been carefully planned for his safety. He is now trudging alone, weary and troubled, over the rough, rocky way. Onward he goes, farther out into the darkness. His cry is, "I want my mamma!" But that tender, pathetic cry is heard only by the merciful God of heaven.

In this dark hour the mother faints away. She falls suddenly to the ground. The strain of this awful night has been too much for that delicate frame. The husband supports her head while she lies prostrate upon the sward. Mental anguish increases.

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"Is reason being dethroned, has death come to that fond wife and mother?" A thousand thoughts rush through the mind. O how different it might have been had another course been pursued. Had we remained in the city, had we never brought our darling into the mountains, all would have been well. Such reflections, however, only consumed a short period of time, when, in the far distance, yea a mile away, a sweet sound was heard: "G-l-o-r-y to God!" rang slowly out through the hills, breaking the death-like silence. It was as heaven's music, to the soul, that had come down to earth just in time to save the mother from death. Still there was a doubt in the mind as to the cause of the sacred exclamation, though we thought we knew what it meant. To assure us by added proof, there came from the same source, and with increased volume and power, the same sweet sound that was the richest music we had ever heard: "G-l-o-r-y to God!" and directly following this shout of praise, came the good old-fashioned amen!

Had an angel swept through the woods, shouting the news of Dudley's rescue, greater joy could not *****************

have come to our heart than was brought by the sound of assurance from the voice of one of the searchers in the distance. A flash of light had come out of the darkness. No one in that dark hour would even think or feel like lifting his voice in hallowed praise with that cheerful tone without some corresponding cause. The spell of despair was broken as if by a visit from the angelic host, and the volted skys echoed the same life-giving words: "Glory to God!" The great God in heaven had heard the prayers of his people. Our son who was dead, is alive again. It was enough. All doubts had flown as if on the wings of the morning. We spoke to the fainting mother saying: "Darling, Dudley is found and is alive!" In a second, and as by supernatural strength, that broken-hearted mother sprang to her feet and without support, bounded over the rough rocks and hills towards the camp, crying and sobbing: "Praise God, he's alive! Dudley is alive!"

A young man had brought with him to the camp, a bugle which was used to call the campers to service. At the time the people were organized into companies and stationed in the circle a mile from the center of the grounds, it was arranged that, when any trace of the child's whereabouts was found, this bugle was to be blown. While the parents were running toward the camp, with overjoyed hearts, the bugle played in slow mournful notes. The mother stopped instantly, and cried out: "Oh, he's dead, he's dead!" "Why do you say that?" asked the father. "O listen to that sad music," replied she. But the next moment the notes of the instrument were changed to a rapid march. Again the race for the camp was resumed. Those quick and gladsome strains had reassured their hearts.

On reaching the camp ground, and not finding the child there as they had expected, they said: "Where is he? Where is he?" "We don't know," was the reply. "We heard someone call: 'He's found,' and we hear a wagon coming in from the distance, and that is all we know." On hearing this the father broke away from the mother to meet the wagon. The thought that the child was being brought in from the wilds a corpse, caused the mother

Dudley Stamp, Lost in the Rocky Mountains

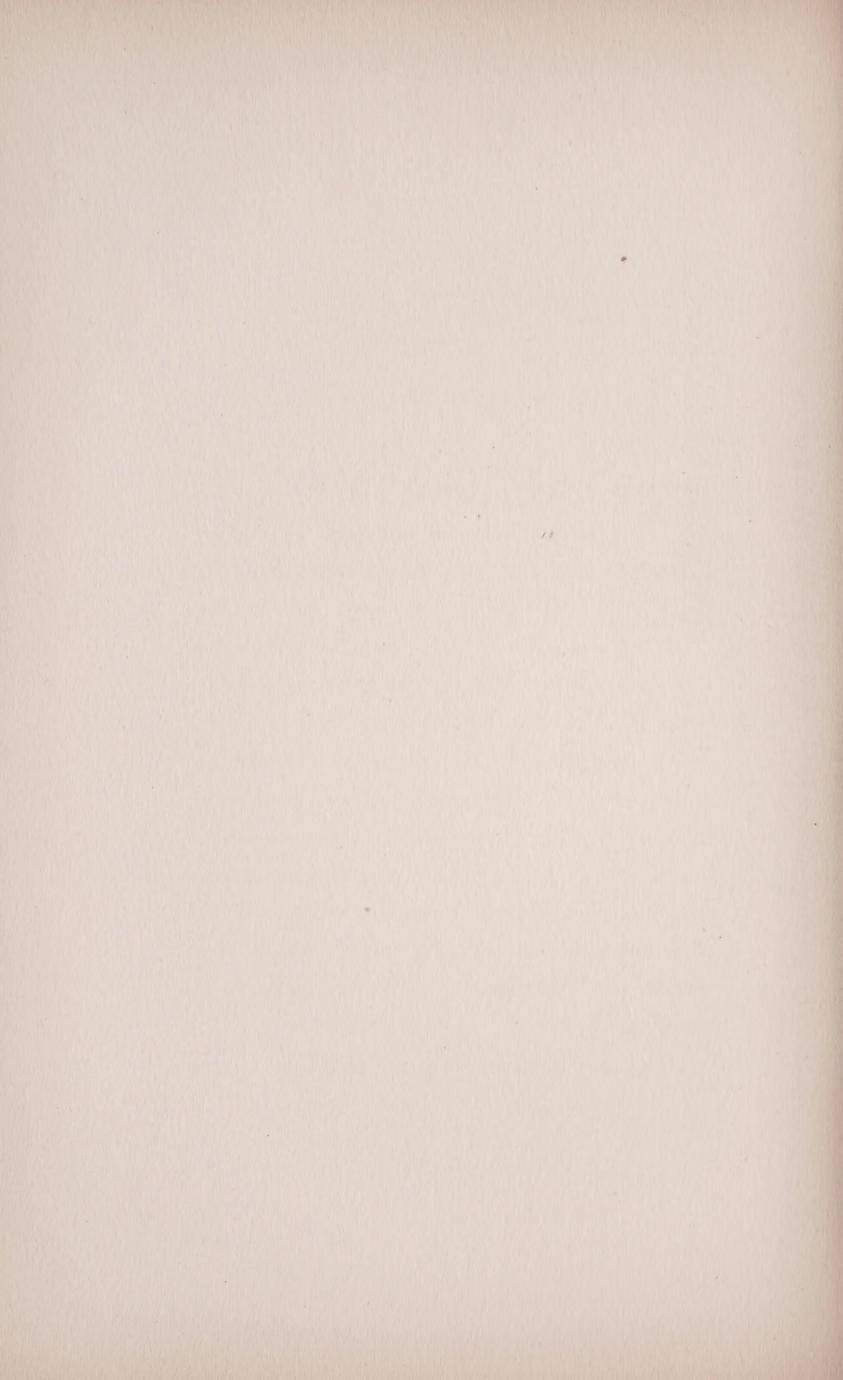
to rush after the father, when a friend came out of her tent and laid her hand on her shoulder. This untimely hindrance was too much for the overburdened spirit of the mother, and caused her to fall in a dead faint.





"She hears the same plaintive voice. It is farther away now, and the sounds are faintly heard: 'I want my mamma!'"





CHAPTER V.

A NIGHT'S TRAMP.

OTWITHSTANDING the precaution of the father in stationing the different companies of men close together in the circle a distance of a mile from the camp, and though the vigilance of the watchers

was steadily kept up through the entire night our beloved child had passed beyond the line.

In a previous chapter we left Dudley standing alone in the woods where he had been forsaken by the bad boy who had betrayed his confidence in alluring him for a pretense of gathering the gum from the trees, but where his real design was to be carried out, in getting him away from his mother, that he might wander in distress before reaching his home in the tented grove.

The child having no suspicion of the lad's decep-

tion, stood there behind those big pines waiting for his return. Not seeing anything of him, and feeling that he had been away from his mamma long enough, he started, as he supposed, back to the camp. He had taken no landmarks. The trees all looked alike to him. The tents could not be seen, and the little fellow soon began to move away in an opposite direction whence he had come. His rapid steps took him far beyond the power of his friends to help him. Gladly would they have led him back to his mamma; gladly would they have guided those little feet into the path that would have taken him toward the tabernacle.

This country is not like the eastern states, where the houses are close together, and where all the roads are fenced and walled in, but is sparsely settled. The farm houses are sometimes miles apart. Much of the land lies open without fences. Cattle owned by large dealers roam at will. A part of this land is covered with trees and a part is natural prairie, or hills and mountains which have no timber and are barren. Deep gullies are to be seen here and there,

and not a few rough gorges and canons break up the land into a state that bears a wildness and dreariness that is foreboding in appearance. Coyotes and wolves frequently skulk along in these gorges hunting some stray calf or sheep that they may satisfy their hunger.

Through this wild and rugged country Dudley is to spend the dreadful night as he vainly tries to find his way back to father and mother. The dark shadows of the rocky crags and the tall, native sentinels that are constantly thrown across his lonely, difficult and untrodden path, render this journey in the night more weird than ever. Childish imaginations of grewsome objects fill the tender mind.

"What is that coming there? Is it a bear? What is that strange noise he now hears? Is it the cry of a child? Is the dreadful silence to be broken by the comforting sound of a human voice?" Ah, well were it the cry of a human! But that strange sound is not the friendly cry of child or man, but the howling of a wild beast in quest of its prey.

Two of these huge beasts, the coyotes of this

western country, are now creeping slowly along the bed of a creek. High banks hide the ferocious animals from our brave little boy. He hears them, he knows they are near. How near he cannot tell. They are coming closer. Dudley walks softly onward. He is helpless, but not afraid. Strange feelings creep over him and his heart beats and throbs with apprehension. He is sure that danger is near. That strange sound comes from the gully there. Hush! What is that ugly thing climbing up out of the gully?

Through the darkness our little man can see the beast crawling up the bank. See, it is now on the level ground. It has scented what it supposes will be an easy catch and a savory morsel. It is now where it gets a fair view of the child. And Dudley now gets a square view of his wild antagonist. It is to conquer or to die. As the beast approaches, followed by its mate, Dudley rushes at him with the determination of a gladiator*; and ere the animal can gather its wits, it is struck in the face with the

^{*}See Frontispiece.

straw hat that our brave boy carries in his hand. The coyote has raised himself up upon his hind legs and about to bring his great weight upon his prey with his front paws, crushing him to the earth; but having received the sudden blow from the child, he is frustrated and baffled, and missing his object his claws simply tear rents in Dudley's kilt dress to the bottom as his heavy paws come down to the ground.

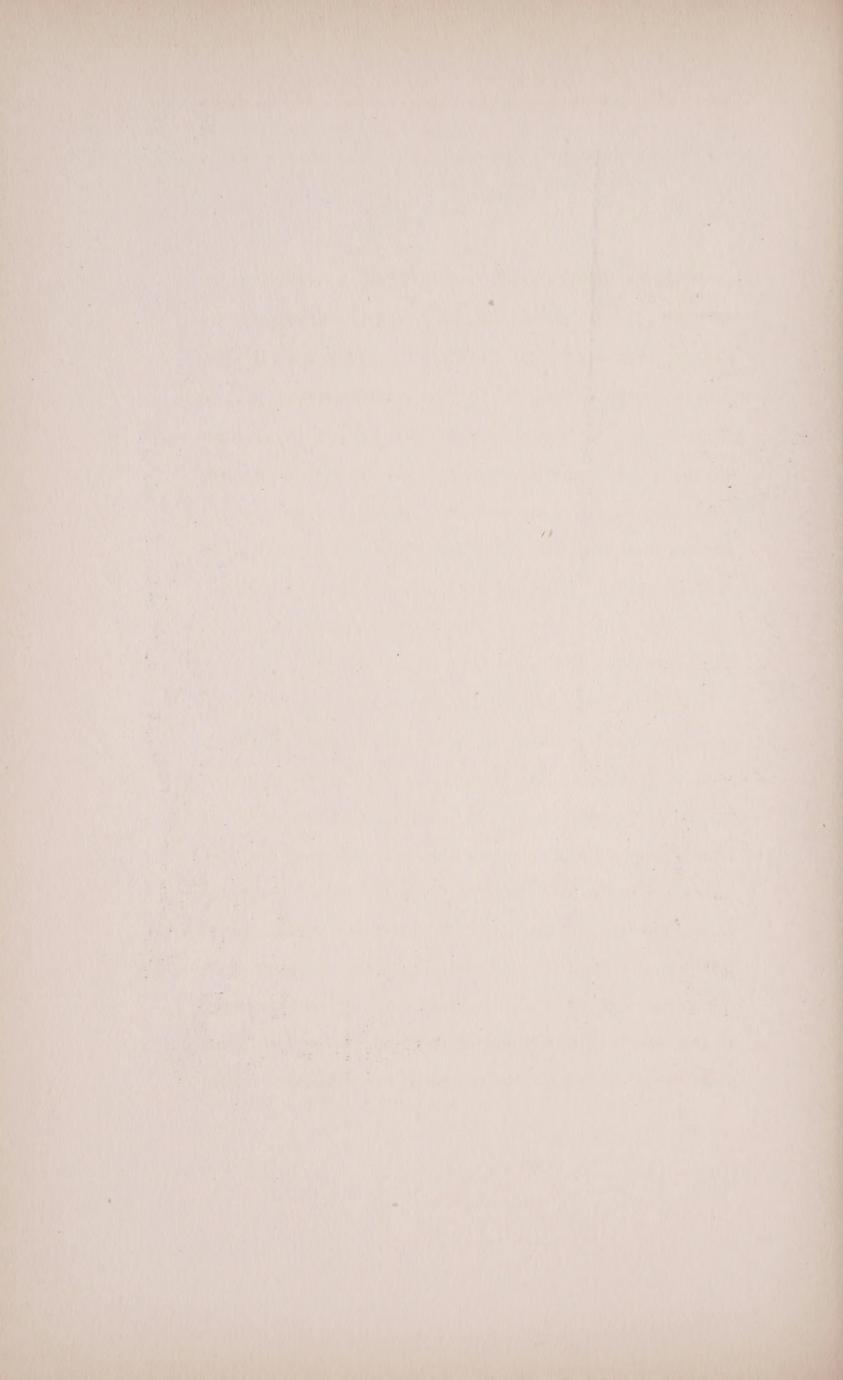
Was the animal injured by the blow of the child? Not that. There is a mysterious force about the human that the naturalist speaks of, that carries a conquering power with it that wild beasts frequently have no control over and from which they flee as before some gigantic foe. What a scene is that among the rocks and trees in that dark night, when that brave baby boy dashes at the enraged wolf, realizing that he must defeat his enemy or be killed. No general ever faced his foe with greater valor, or walked away from the scene of a victorious battle, with more worthy praise and dazzling glory, than Dudley Stamp in that single combat with his formid-

able foe, the prairie wolf. In that little body dwelt the elements of courage, valor and determination. In him was no fear. Everything in his path must be met with that fortitude that shown so brightly and magnificently in his character; nothing was to daunt him on that lonely journey in quest of his father and mother. He must return to them, and carry back tokens of his obedience to the principles of courage and integrity which he has, though so young, received from the precepts taught him by those loving parents. He must show them that he was brave; that he never faltered or gave way either in danger or through exhaustion.

Was Dudley alone in that combat? Did he fight that terrible battle unaided, when he, as he told us on his return, saying in his child-like language: "They hurted my poor sore stomach, and tore my dress, mamma?" Yes, he was alone as far as human assistance or company was concerned. But has the great God left that babe to wander alone, to beat off the animals by his own strength? Ah, snowy wings might have been heard hovering over that



"Come here, little girl." "I'm not a girl, I'm a boy!"



courageous child could the spiritual ear have been opened. The Almighty had heard the agonizing cry of that imploring mother, and the jaws of the wolves were closed. He had commissioned one of his angels to accompany the beautiful little wanderer through that beclouded path, and the savage beasts, had they been possessed of human thought, might have wondered why they were powerless in combat with a child. Leaving only a few rents in his dress, made by their sharp claws, the maddened animals skulked away and were lost in the woods.

Weary and excited, nervous and lonely, his little feet begin once more to move along the uncertain way. Now and then a house is seen in the distance by the aid of the stars. The occupants are either in slumber or waiting at the camp for traces of the lost child. As the searchers are assisted and comforted in a measure by the light of the moon in the early part of the night, so Dudley had the assistance of the same soft light for a short time on his journey. A few miles of this tramp in the night were illumined sufficiently to render the walking less difficult. But

now that friendly guide passes. Dudley is enveloped in darkness. Who can tell the many times he fell to the ground on that long journey? Who knows how many times he stumbled over logs and rocks that he could not see? How tired are those little innocent feet. How hopeless he feels. But he pushes on. Down into yon canon, over and around that hill, and now across a stretch of level land he feels his way, constantly buffeted by brush and fallen trees.

That strange, yelping sound is heard again in the distance. That shrill cry, sometimes loud and penetrating and then low and faint, is the only noise he hears, except the cracking and breaking of the dead twigs and dry grass as a prairie wolf slinks along not far from him. The old clock on the shelf of the quiet farm house strikes twelve. "All is well" there. The doors are stoutly bolted against the marauding wolf or the bear. But a child is on the barren mountains! One o'clock is heard. The slumbering ones know not of the manly little fellow who is out there trudging through the darkness. The

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clock strikes again. Two o'clock is passed. Still Dudley Stamp is on his tramp in solitude. "Three in the morning," the watchers say, as they look at their timepieces. "Three o'clock! Oh, God, save the child. Sustain the mother!"



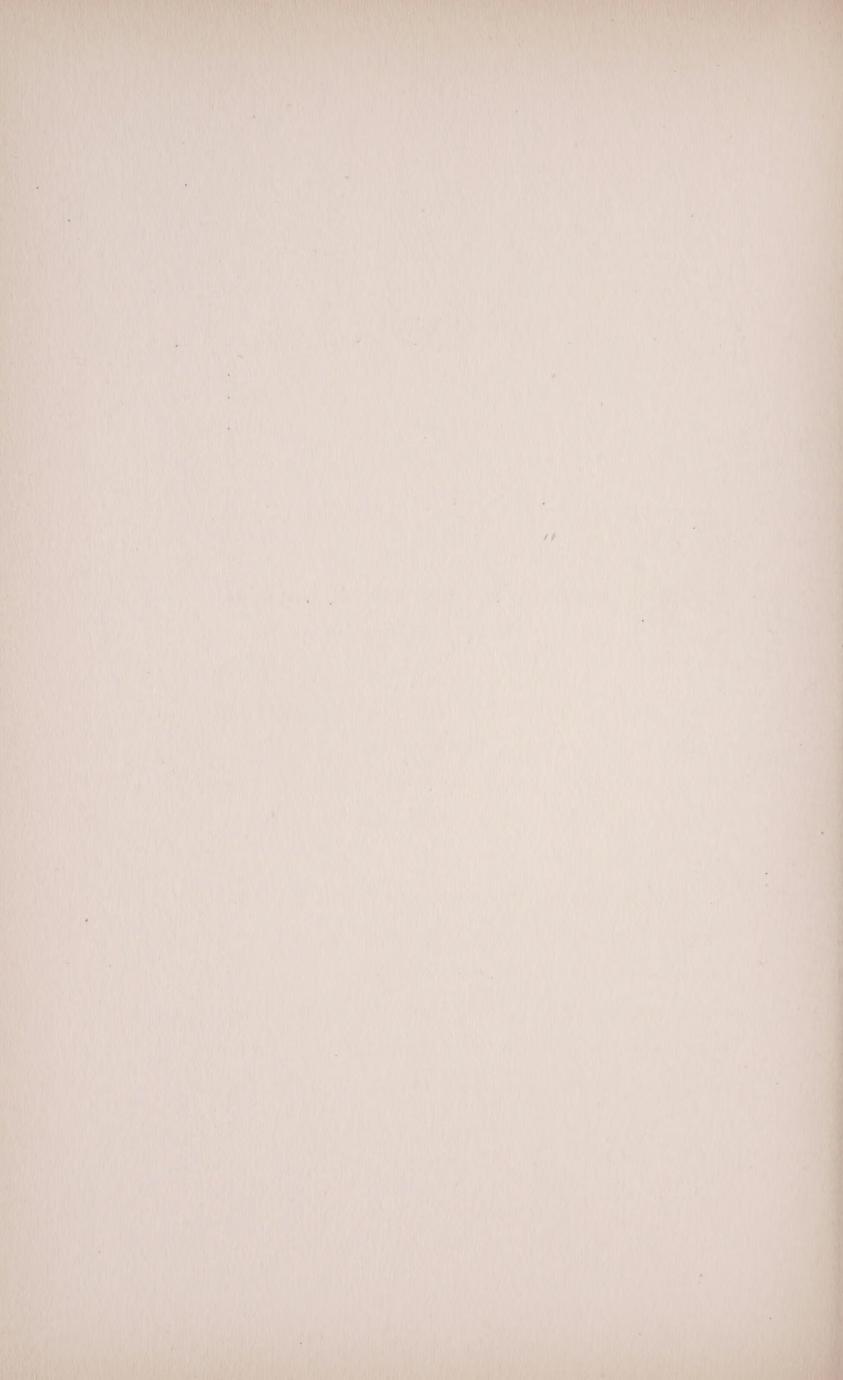












CHAPTER VI.

THE RESCUE.

UDLEY is now six miles from the camp ground. More than six miles have been traversed by the child. Yea, many more. He is now standing in front of a farm house. Half a mile farther

away, and up on the top of a high hill, there is a large piece of woods, that resembles the grove in which the camp meeting is held. The child sees this timber, though dimly, and wonders whether it is the camp or not.

Before leaving the house, he lifts his plaintive voice, which, in its tremor indicates his great weariness, and he cries out: "I want my mamma! I want my mamma!" The stillness of the hour is broken by that piteous cry. In that house are three young people, two brothers and a sister. The father

and mother are dead. The two brothers sleep up stairs, and the sister occupies a room on the first floor. The windows are open, it being a fair night. Our little wanderer, helpless and disconsolate, still stands out there in front of that strange house, calling: "I want my mamma!" The call finally arouses the sleeping girl. She listens: "What is that?" she says in smothered tones. "The cry of a cougar?" Nervous fear seizes the young woman, and she covers her face to shut out the sound of distress.

Not being able to arouse the inmates of the home, Dudley finds his way to the barn that stands not far away. Four horses are lazily standing there slumbering away the hours of the night. The child loves horses, and takes note of all those that stand in that stable and counts them. Looking once more at the grove of trees whose tall tops mark, indistinctly, the sky beyond, he determines to go there and learn if the camp and mamma and papa are there. Instead of going back in front of the farm house, the way he had gone toward the barn, he took another course around to the rear of the house. There being no

fences he could do this without difficulty. But on his way, some distance from the house, there was the bed of an old cellar that had formerly been used to store away potatoes as the farmers in this section depend largely upon this product; the land and climate being adapted to it. These cellars are sometimes very large. They measure from twenty-five to sixty feet long, twenty feet wide and ten feet deep. They are usually covered with heavy plank, and then a layer of earth is placed over the plank; the whole covering supported by large posts and cross timbers. The cellar mentioned had been abandoned as the timbers had decayed and the roof had fallen in. The walls were slanting in places but steep and abrupt in others.

It is dark now, and our precious babe sees no danger ahead, especially as his eyes are fixed upon the woods that he thinks may be the temporary home he is vainly trying to find. What is that thud we hear at the bottom of the deep cellar? Oh! it is the fall of the child. He has walked off into the pit, and is now suffering from the bruises caused from the

sudden contact with the timbers lying on the floor of that cellar. Poor child! Isn't it enough that he has to endure the sufferings of hunger, of thirst, and of the consciousness of being lost and surrounded by the wild beasts?

But Dudley is too brave to lie there. He must find a way to get out that he may continue his search after mamma and papa. On regaining his feet he begins to feel around the walls in order to find some place where the earth had caved in making it possible for him to climb out. Such a place is discovered, and he scrambles up, and is soon going toward the woods which are half a mile off. It is a hard part of the long tiresome journey. Nobody will ever know how many miles that brave child tramped that eventful night. He did not travel in a straight course, but wandered around, first going in one direction and then in another. Many a time, we may suppose, he retraced his steps. Many a time he perhaps had started, unwittingly, back in the direction of the camp ground; but had, as often, been turned from his course by some great rock or gully that shut off his way. Yes, it is a hard section of the journey. trees are on a hill. That hill must be climbed. He must summon all his remaining strength for another dash. He cannot hold out much longer. His strength is well-nigh gone. Onward he climbs, but O, so slowly. He stubs his toes against the stones and roots of trees, he drags his feet that are now sore and bruised; falling down, he recovers his position, drawing himself up by the bushes and logs. clump of trees must be reached, for he thinks mamma is there. Strange as it may seem, that while Dudley's heart is full of hope as he thinks he will soon find his parents, he is traveling slowly towards a den of grey wolves. The den, where they have their young, is just on the other side of that piece of woods, located among the great rocks there. However, he pushes on. He finally reaches the grove, only to be disappointed once more. Mamma is not in the grove. "Where is she?" he wonders. That one who would have given her life to save him, was many miles away, struggling against death also, in her efforts to find this sweet babe. Will the good God of heaven forsake us now? Will he answer prayer?

Dudley is now standing alone in the woods. He is a long ways from the farm house down yonder in the valley. But the young girl in that home has not closed her eyes. That strange cry: "I want my mamma!" still rings in her ears. Listen! She hears the same plaintive voice. It is farther away now, and the sounds are only faintly heard as they come down through the clear night air from the hill above. It is dark, and all is quiet. Now the cry is heard again. It is not as strong and loud as before, for Dudley is getting weaker every hour. "I want my mamma!" come the soft tones through her open window. "That sounds like a child's voice," the young lady says. "Can it be possible that a child is out in the barren mountains this dark night?"

Throughout this neighborhood the people had indulged in the sport of telling stories about ghosts and spirits, which had taken hold of the young minds with some concern and dread. This young girl is now apprehensive of some evil. She cannot understand it. She thinks of the conversation about the ghosts of olden times, and imagines that something of

that kind may have come into that new country. However, the call keeps coming. While it grows fainter all the time she still gets the pleading words of the little one for his mother. She is at last convinced that no spirit is talking, but that a child is in trouble in the woods. Dressing herself she goes quietly up-stairs and calls to her brothers, saying: "Boys, get up. There is a child out in the woods on the hill. I hear its cry." This news arouses the brothers and they are soon ready to go out and look for the strange call. But the night is dark and they hesitate. They all hear the pleading cry of the baby boy but are afraid to go towards the woods. A short council is held to decide what is best to do. About a mile from their house is the home of a Mr. William Jones. Mr. Jones having several sons, they conclude the safest plan is to go down to that home and tell them of what they have heard, and get them to accompany them to the woods in order to learn the true facts as to the cause of the cry that they have supposed was the cry of a child. In a short time these young people are standing at the door of the *****

farmer. Their call awakens the sleeping inmates, and Mr. Jones, coming to the door, asks what is wanted. The young people say: "Mr. Jones, we have heard for an hour past, a little child calling for its mother. The sound comes from the hill. It must be in the woods. Sister heard the same cry in the night, when it seemed to her that a little one was saying: 'I want my mamma!' At that time it appeared to her to be close to the house. Then for a while it was not heard; but an hour later she could hear it again, but away off. It must be a child who is lost, Mr. Jones." Thus the young spokesman related the circumstance and made known the apprehensions of the party.

For months past there had been some misunderstanding among the people around these parts, and a feud had broken out among the different families. It had caused a great deal of trouble and there were hard feelings. On hearing what the youth said about a lost child, he remarked: "It is not the voice of a child, but the voice of the neighbors trying to decoy us out for trouble." It was an exciting time. When Ψ Ψ Φ A True Story Φ Φ Φ

those western farmers get stirred they are stirred. Difficulties are not settled in a half-hearted way. Matters are usually adjusted with considerable force and there is no backing down. The whole family gets up, though it is some time before the break of day. Just at that hour when men who are liable to be about with a desire to make trouble. The grown sons come to the door and look out upon the group standing outside.

"Boys, get your guns," says the father, "and we'll see about this matter." The rifles are taken from the hooks, and examined to see if they are in working order. In a few moments Mr. Jones, in company with his sons, and the young party who had come to get his assistance, were on their way, with guns in hand, toward the woods whence the sound had come. In half an hour the company came near enough to see the child standing among the tall trees. His beautiful golden curls, now disheveled, hung in disorder about his shoulders. Having on his gingham kilt dress, they first thought it was a little girl. Mr. Jones, while some distance away, called out,

"Come here, little girl." This was too much for our noble boy. It was an offense to his boyish nature. Had he not been teased enough by the boys at the camp? Shall he have to endure the same taunting from these men away out in the mountains, and after being left in the woods by the bad boy who had led all the others in twitting him with the name of girl? This was more than Dudley was willing to take. He considered this was carrying things too far, and looking disdainfully down upon that group of men and boys, who were all strangers to him, he shouted out in resentful tones, "I'm not a girl! I'm a boy!" Mr. Jones saw that he had made a mistake and that he had unwittingly offended the brave little wanderer. Though he was a stern man, he kindly changed the tone of his voice, and doubtless on account of the reproachful answer he had received from the stout-hearted baby boy who insisted on fair treatment, and with subdued accents, said: "Come here, my boy."

No sooner did our brave but gentle son recognize the winning voice of the man who had injured his feelings, than he forgave him and started towards him with weary and tottering steps. The company were standing quite a distance away on the side of the hill. On his way to them, the precious one stumbled over the end of a fallen tree and went tumbling over the cruel rocks. He lay there but for a moment when he was on his feet again. had hurt himself from the fall though he kept his course towards the strangers. Coming near he saw the guns they had on their shoulders and wondered what it all meant. Where did they come from and what were they going to do with him, were questions that crowded upon him. But they were men. They would at least help him to fight the coyotes should they attack him again. Up to this time he had fought his terrible battles alone; he had won his victories in single combat; he had driven off the beasts and only sustained a few rents in his dress from their angry claws. But another struggle might be greater. Not far ahead of him, as he was going through the woods, was the den of grey wolves mentioned before.

Mr. Jones, the leader of the party with guns and

clubs, said: "Little man, what is your name?" "My name is Dudley," answered the child. "What is your papa's name?" the man asked again. papa's name is Brother Stamp," using the expression he had heard the ministers of the camp meeting use when addressing his father familiarly. "Well, Dudley, where do you live?" said Mr. Jones. "I live in a tabernacle," was the reply of our little fellow. Dudley knew that he and his parents lived in the great city of Denver, but he wanted them to know that he had, during that long, dreadful night, wandered from that tabernacle. True, the child had made his home there for a while and in that sense was correct. Mr. Jones had not attended the services, but had heard of a young minister who had been preaching at the camp meeting who had recently come from Philadelphia, and that his name was Stamp. This threw some light on the situation and the group decided that the child had wandered away from the camp and was lost. Their hearts were touched with sympathy. The little boy that stood before them with his brave countenance had ψ ψ Φ A True Story Φ Φ

an attraction for them, and that drew from them profound admiration. That beautiful ruddy face, those big dark eyes, that expression of conquering bravery and valor, caused these men to exclaim: "What a manly little fellow!" "What a beautiful baby boy."

Then the kindly gentleman said, as he reached down with his strong arms to lift him up: "Come, little boy, let me carry you to my home." "No, sir, you can't carry me, I'll walk," answered Dudley. No pleading could persuade him to be carried. He had begun that journey on foot, and he was going to finish it on foot. He was determined not to be outdone by anything. He must conquer every obstacle. Finding their little friend objected to being carried, two of these men slipped their hands kindly under his arms and thus kept his weary feet nearly off the ground, and yet allowed him to think that he was walking by his own exertion.

While on the way to Mr. Jones' home, the company had to pass the house where Dudley had stood, crying for his mother. When he saw it, and the old ***************

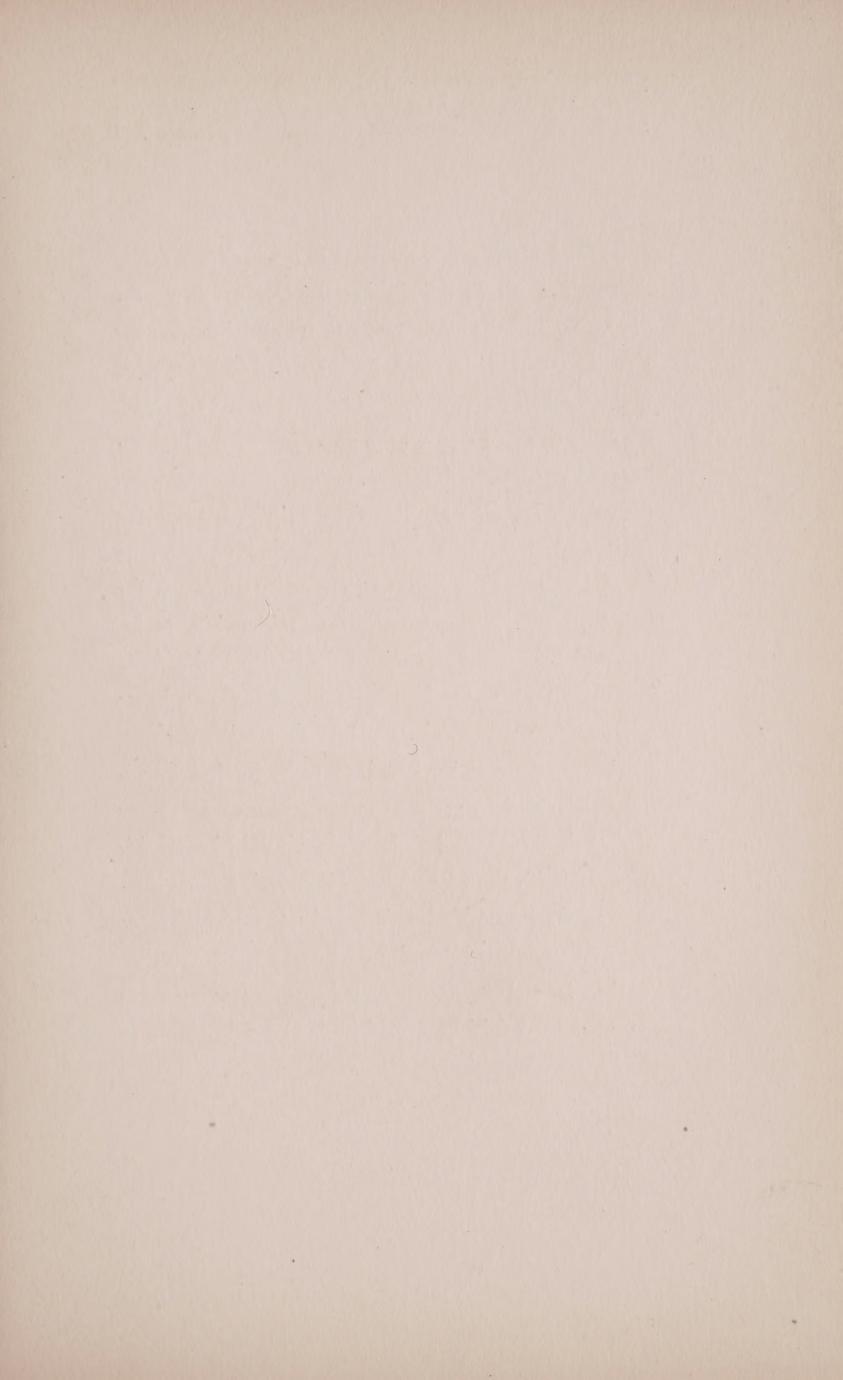
cellar at the back, he said to them, "I fell into that cellar and bleeded my nose." Passing around to the other side of the house which brought them in view of the stable, he said again: "I went into that barn, and counted the horses. There are four in there." Going along the dim road, Mr. Jones told Dudley that his wife would get him some bread and milk as he must be hungry. But the sturdy little traveler replied: "No, sir, I'm not going to eat any bread and milk at your house, my mamma is going to have plum pudding for supper."

Mrs. Jones and the smaller children were now waiting for the return of the party. No one could tell what might take place on those hills, especially during the unsettled condition of affairs in the community. She sees them now as they draw near, and they are bringing a little child with them. How did this child get away up there in the woods, and what saved him from the ravages of the wild animals, was the thought that came to her mind. "Here, mother, see this beautiful boy we found on the mountain. Isn't he a sweet babe?" said the man of the

house. "O, you precious baby, come in," answered this kind woman as she reached out her motherly arms to take him." But as Mr. Jones took his hand from under Dudley's arm, the little fellow fell as if dead, to the floor. Strength had gone. Nature had given way. He lay prostrate. Sympathetic faces bent over him. Strong, willing arms reached down and took him up and pressed him tenderly to the heart. But those were not the arms of his father. A strange man was now holding him, and trying to brush away the clouds of disappointment. Presently the lady brought a bowl of rich milk and some bread, and said: "Here, my child, is some nice bread and milk, have some and it will do you good; you must be hungry." However, Dudley's mind was centered upon another scene. He was then looking back to that camp ground where he had left his mamma. He remembered that his mother had promised that they should have a nice supper together, and have plum pudding. And as the woman entreated him to eat, he said: "No, I'm going to have my supper with my mamma."



"He is, at last, on his way home."



Mr. Jones has told the boys to get the team ready that they may take the child to the camp. Now the big horses and the lumber wagon are at the gate. As Dudley is unable to walk, he is carried to the wagon in the arms of Mr. Jones. They all want to go with the little one and witness the great joy of the brokenhearted parents and sorrowing searchers, and soon the vehicle is full. Dudley sits with Mr. Jones in the front seat. As was stated in another chapter, he loved horses and as he sat where he could watch the fine team of the farmer who was taking him to his mamma, and spoke of each of the horses and of how beautiful they were, he then told of his own horse whose name was Dick. While thus talking about his horse, the one he loved so well, he fell into a quiet sleep and forgot the terrible scenes and dangers of that dark night. His battles with wild beasts, his struggles with the rocky way, his suffering from hunger and thirst and his longing desire to find his father and mother, were all in the past.

He is, at last, on his way home. Loving arms are soon to enfold him, and he is to nestle safely in the lap of his precious mamma.

Ψ Ψ A True Story Ψ Ψ

We stated in a previous chapter that the shout of "Glory to God," followed by the sweet sound of "Amen!" were heard in the distance. How this came about is as follows: As the wagon drew near to the circle of men who were stationed in companies, it was soon known that the lost one was found. Among the party stationed at that particular point, was the young man with the bugle. In a moment the strains that told of the great mercy of God in saving the child began to float through the air. Immediately the sound was caught up by the people.

With bugle and voice, they all gave praises to Him whose ear is ever open to the cry of His children. But rising above the happy tumult one joyous note is heard as if on the wings of the morning, "Glory to God!" The whole camp is electrified and the woods are made to resound with shoutings: "He's found, he's found!"

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

'Lord Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for Thee?'
But the Shepherd made answer: 'Tis of mine
Has wandered away from me:
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep.'

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

'Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?'
'They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.'
'Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?'
'They are pierced to-night, by many a thorn.'

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
'Rejoice! I have found my sheep!'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!'"

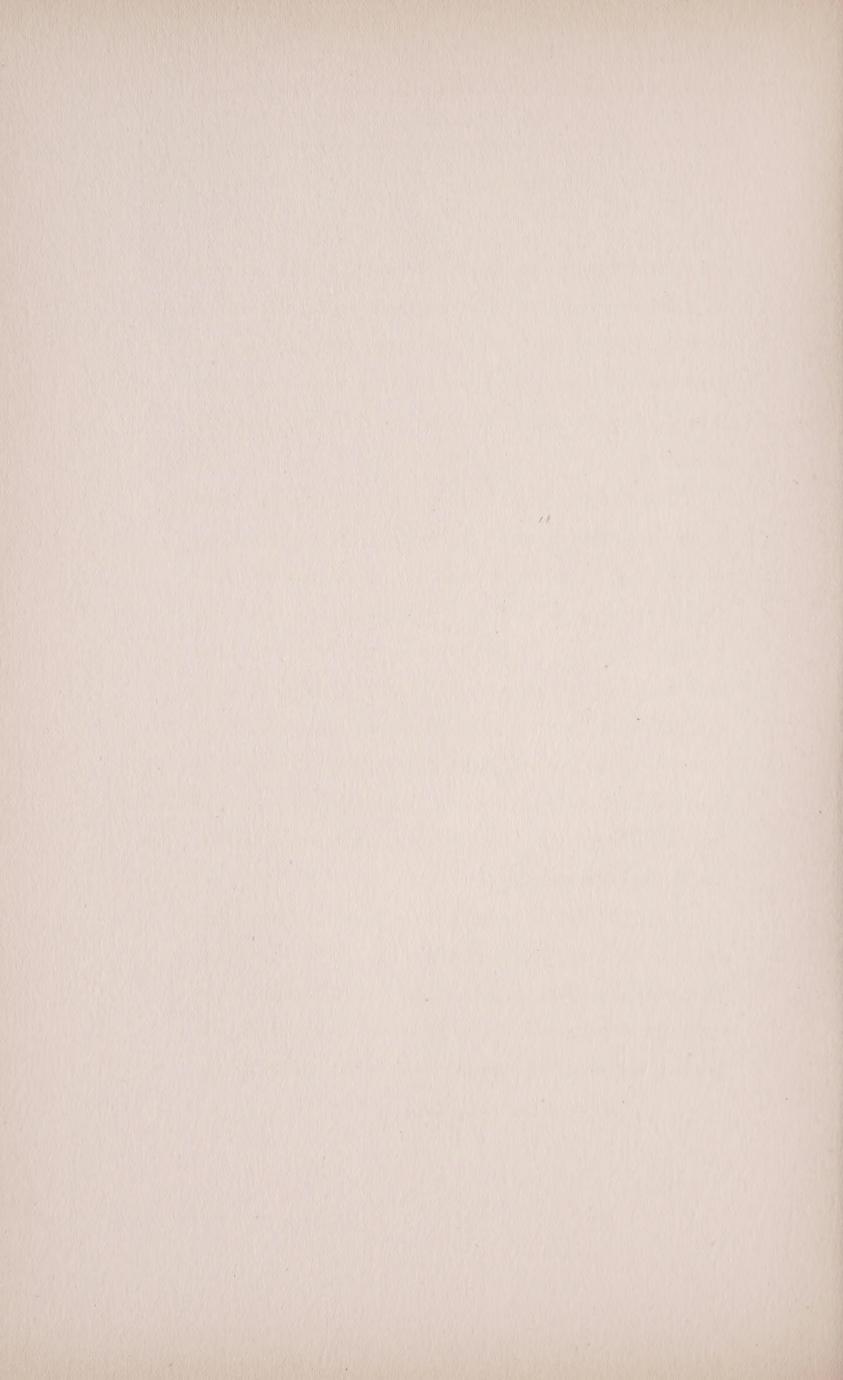
While the mother was lying unconscious, as stated before, the wagon arrived, bringing the beloved baby boy from his wanderings in the mountains, and while he was sound asleep, he was lifted tenderly from the arms of the gentleman who was holding him, and laid in the lap of his grief-stricken mother.

The rejoicing of the people who were uncontrollable in their exclamations and shouts of gladness and thanksgiving, aroused the mother who looked once more into the sweet face of her lost baby. That sweet face was now blackened from the grime of the burnt logs over which he had stumbled. Not a word was said; not a sound was uttered. The gratitude of those parents was so profound on account of the restoration of their little son, that the joyful silence seemed to be too sacred to be disturbed. Some time thus passed, with that fond mother gazing down upon her beautiful boy who had so bravely fought his way through that awful night with conquering tread.

At that supreme moment, Dudley, as if by an instinctive feeling of his mother's protection, opened his eyes which met the gaze of his mamma. With a look of injured feelings, he said: "Mamma, have you had your supper?" He had not forgotten in his lonely tramp, that the plum pudding was to have been served for supper. "No, darling, how could mamma eat when you were not here?" Then the



"Mamma, have you had your supper?"



tears that broke the death-like spell which seemed as a dream, and that came near taking the life of the mother, gushed forth; and with sobs of gratitude and contentment, she rocked her treasure back and forth, praising her Heavenly Father for His unspeakable goodness.

Sometimes a flood of tears can alone bring relief to the troubled heart. Sometimes the breaking up of the great deep of the soul can alone save the reason from being dethroned. This was the case with Dudley's mother. The long, dark hours of fear and anguish, of regret and doubt, combined with the excessive fatigue and exhaustion, had well nigh completed their work in bringing about a fatal collapse. But the angels came from afar, just in time to bring the fainting heart back to life again and to avert a double calamity.

Yes, Dudley is to have his supper, but that supper is to be eaten at the dawn of the day. The day following the dark night. The plum pudding was to be the chief attraction of the meal, but other hands besides those of the mother, were to assist in the

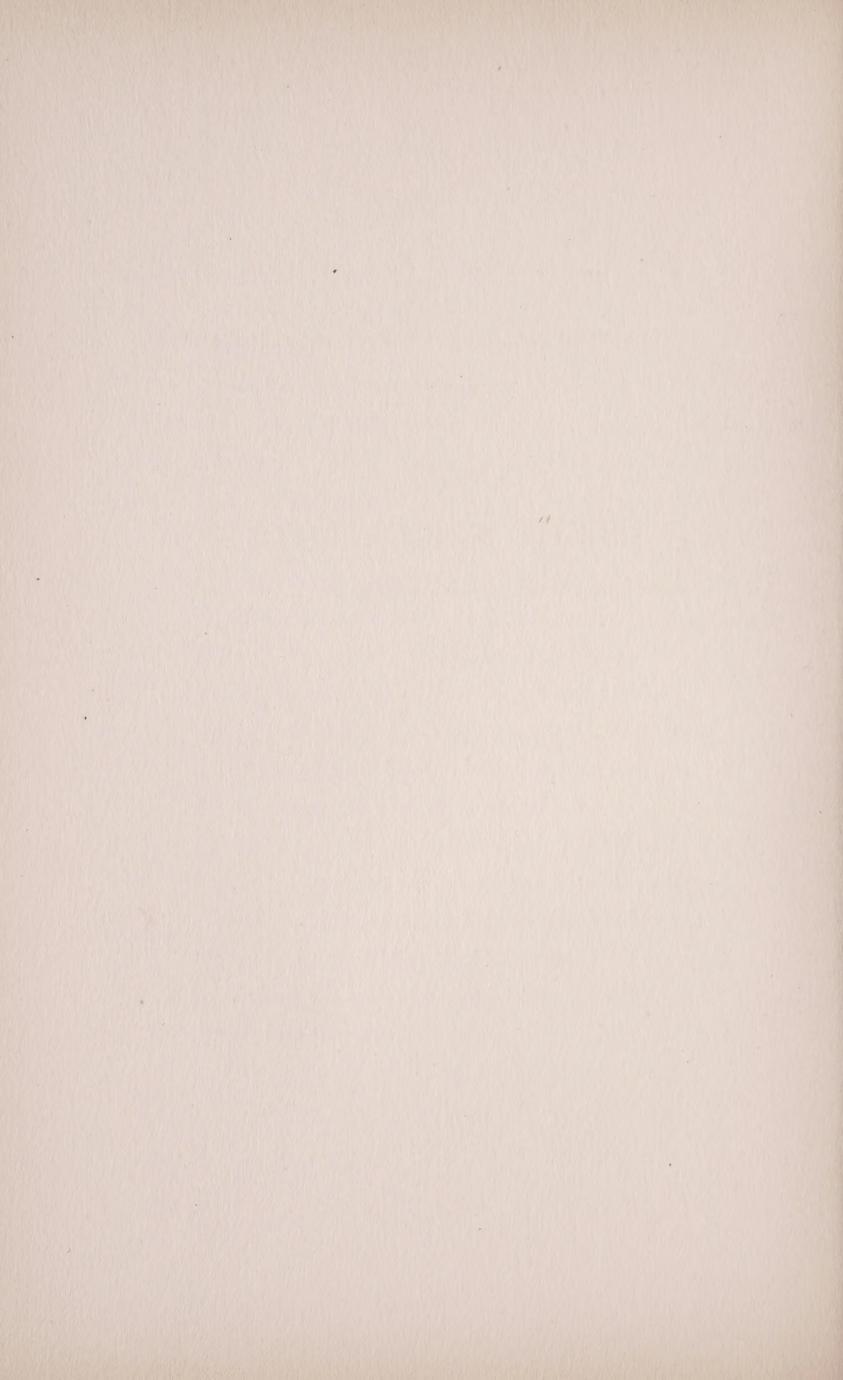
preparation of that repast. Every lady in that encampment insisted on the pleasure of contributing to the wants of that sweet baby boy. Delicacies from every tent-home were brought, and that table was daintily arranged for the joyful occasion, and our brave little conqueror was the guest of honor.

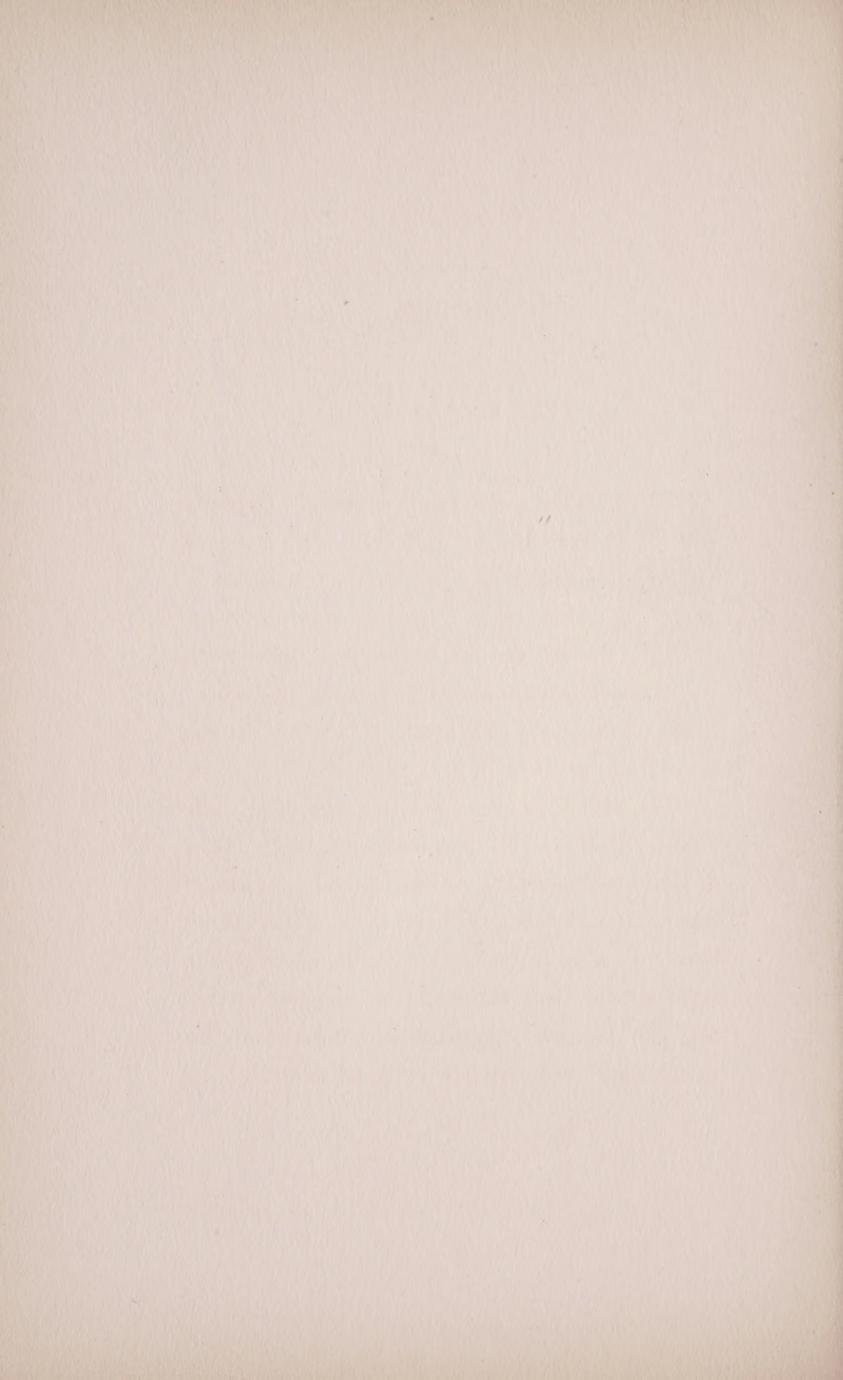
It was toward the middle of the day before the regular services of the camp could be resumed. Intense excitement had prevailed and even the thought of public worship had been taken from every mind; the only consideration was the recovery of the lost child. The people gathered in throngs for the evening service. Unusual interest was manifested as the worshippers took seats under the large canvas. From the peculiar circumstances, Dudley's father was asked to deliver the address that night. Though weary from the toils of the night's search, and worn from anxiety, he regarded the opportunity too great to be passed by, and accepted the invitation.

It was requested that Dudley might sit in the pulpit, where the multitude could see him. This was appreciated by the people. The majority of

that throng had been out on the barren mountains all the night, trying to find that beautiful boy. They had all breathed a prayer to the Divine One that he might be saved. They considered they had an interest in him, and in no uncommon manner. He held a warm, loving place in every heart. Even the strong-hearted felt the same tender feeling of gratitude that he was now sitting where they could look into the face that bore the expression of courage and determination. They had never seen such a child. He was a general, a conqueror.

The text was chosen from the parable of the lost son: "For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found. And they began to be merry." As the father, with deep emotion followed the child through his wanderings, footsore and hungry, disappointed and lonely, the people were bathed in tears of sadness mingled with tears of joy. Before them sat the courageous little fellow who had fought off the coyotes, and who had braved the dangers of the dark night. They now saw him safe and sound, and out of the danger of the wild beasts.





PART II.

CHAPTER I.

BRIGHT SCHOOL DAYS.

MONG the bright years of Dudley's short but eventful life, were the few months he was privileged to attend school. Although he was less than six years, which was the age for new beginners, it

was thought best to send him, provided the school board would give their consent. On solicitation the request was granted.

The first day came. It was a day of new delight for Dudley. He was entering upon the duties of a more strenuous life. Play was to be mixed and associated with work. However, it was all novel and enjoyable to him. The large building, the many strange faces of the scholars, the kind teacher and the spacious playgrounds contributed to his young mind a more extended view of existence.

On reaching his home after his first day's work, and after his fresh experiences had developed, what he thought, were wonderful revelations, he strode into the house with that feeling natural to all school boys of his age, and began to relate to his mother some of the things his teacher had taught him out of the primer. Regarding her boy fondly she said in reply: "Dudley, that is just what they taught mamma when she went to school." "Why, mamma, I never knew you went to school." The days passed by and every day brought different experiences to the little student. One day he came home an hour before the time to close the school. Being questioned as to the reason, he said, "Well, the teacher sent me home because I wasn't good." "Tell us, Dudley, what you were doing that was not good for a little boy to do," said his mother. "I was dropping my pencil on the floor, and the teacher said: 'Dudley Stamp, you may go home," was his statement of the case. Supposing his little son had been in some childish mischief, and that it might need a gentle reproof, his father requested him to go to his room

until the time his school closed. This punishment we have always regretted as it was afterwards shown that our little man had done nothing deserving of punishment whatever. A few days after this circumstance, Dudley's mother met the teacher, and referred to the matter, saying: "I am sorry that our little son gave you trouble by misbehaving in school." "Dudley misbehaving in school," answered the teacher, "why Dudley is the best boy I have in the school." "We had thought he had broken the rules as he said he had been dropping his pencil on the floor, and you said he might go home." "O, if that's all," replied the teacher, "it is not worth mentioning. I saw the little fellow was tired, and did not know what to do with himself, and I thought he might as well go a little while before the others, as I sometimes let the little ones out early because they have nothing to do at that hour, and are usually very weary."

When Dudley was five years old, his father was holding a district conference. The little son was in the meeting when he saw the possibilities and import******

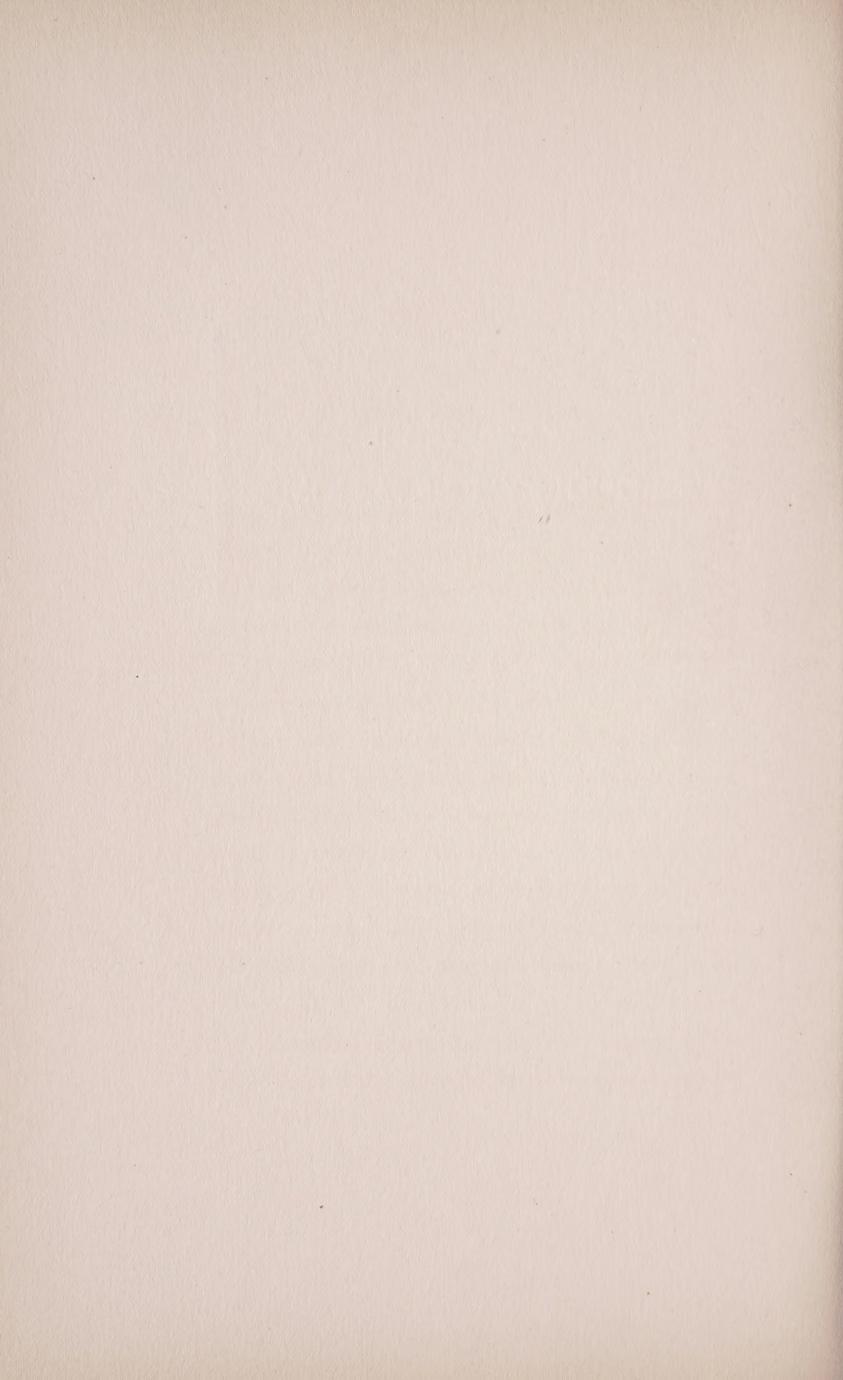
ance of the Christian life. He was very young, it is true, for the exercise of thought on divine subjects. But children sometimes have correct ideas of duty, and frequently grasp the deeper truths of the Bible, and of Christ the Saviour. These truths are revealed to them by the great Spirit of God. At the close of the address given by his father, Dudley knelt before the Lord who had so mercifully delivered him from the wild beasts of the mountains. and who had given him strength for the combat during the awful night of distress. In acknowledgment of these tender mercies, and feeling his own need of that conversion of heart that alone fits the soul for the better world, he there, with tears and prayers, gave himself to his Saviour, and received the clear witness of his forgiveness and acceptance with Him. He left the church before the service was concluded. being anxious now to tell his mother of his happiness, and ran across the commons and into the house. entering he said: "O, mamma, I have been converted." "That is just right," answered the mother in her gratitude on hearing the glad news.

Φ Φ A True Story Φ Φ

thinking she had better test the little fellow's experience, she asked: "Dudley, how do you know you are converted?" "Because I feel good all in here," as he placed his hand over his heart, he replied. There was no room for doubt there. He had entered upon that life that has attracted the attention of the great of all ages.







CHAPTER II.

DUDLEY'S NEW HOME.



HE father having been elected to district work, removed from Denver to Pueblo, in order to establish missions in that city and throughout the southern part of the state of Colorado. The location of the

family was left optional, as the new territory over which he had charge was very large. But thinking a central point for headquarters would make it possible to give closer attention to the details of the work, and as no sacrifice was to be considered too great either by the father or the mother in order to render their chosen cause successful, their home was established there, though that city is not as pleasant as many others.

A comfortable house was found, and in due time the family was nicely settled in the new home. They were among strangers again which is one of the unpleasant features of the life of a minister. The little son, like other children, soon adapted himself to his environment and established himself in charge of the yard where he enjoyed playing with his sister. The yard was an excellent playground and the two little ones were very happy. Their happiness brought sunshine to the other members of the family.

Some time before their removal to this city, a fine baby brother had come to Dudley's home. He was a handsome child and Dudley loved him dearly. He would, after a while, have a brother to play with him, he thought. But even now the little one took much of his time as he enjoyed amusing him. The baby was given the name of Paul.

For the first few days after their arrival in Pueblo, Dudley seemed to be homesick or in trouble about something. He was not as happy as before. This caused some remarks by the parents. It was thought to be the result of having left his former playmates and familiar surroundings, and that he would soon regain his joyous spirit. One night, after the

little man had gone to his room, the father was passing through the hall to his study, when he saw, as he looked into his room, that he was restless. There was evidently something that troubled that young mind besides homesickness. Going to his bedside, his father said: "Dudley, my boy, what is the matter? Are you sick?" Dudley threw his arms around his father's neck and sobbed out: papa, I'm not sick, but will you forgive me, papa?" "Certainly, my child, but what is it that you have done that I should forgive," answered the father. "Papa, before we came here, I was playing with other boys on the commons, and I threw my ball through Mr. Ross' window, and I never told you. Will you pay Mr. Ross, and forgive me, papa?" On being assured that the accident would be settled, and that he was freely forgiven, he fell into a quiet slumber, and the next day he was as cheerful as ever. How noble is the conscience that is tender and brave. How worthy the spirit of integrity.

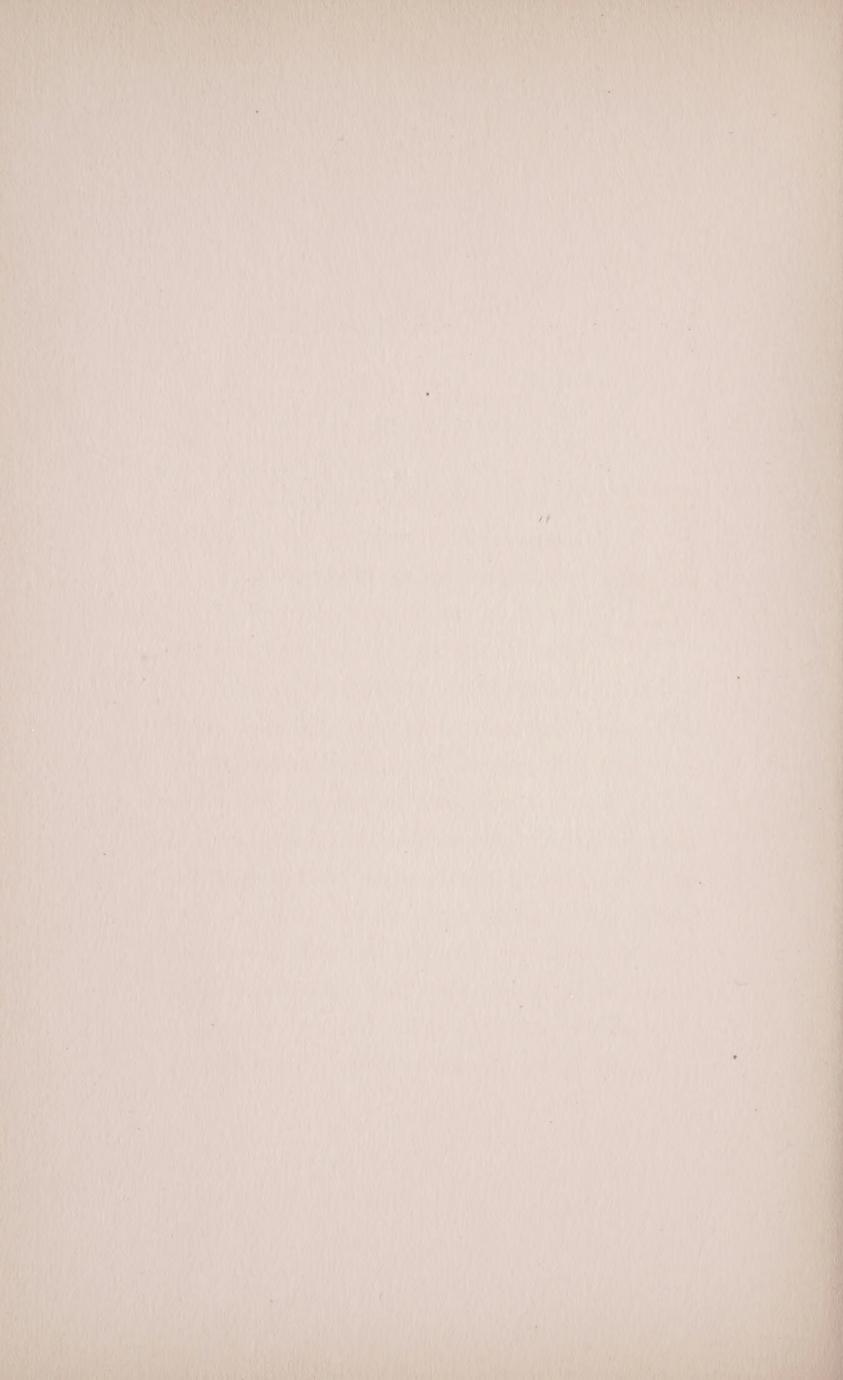
This was the time of the presidential campaign. Dudley came to his father one day and said: "Papa, ********

I want you to buy me a Fisk cap." "Why, Dudley, do you want a Fisk cap?" the father replied. "Because I'm a Fisk man; I'm a prohibitionist," the young politician said. The father smiled, and promised the cap. Dudley was proud of the cap that bore on its brim, the emblem of his chosen party. Every now and then he would swing that cap around his head and shout, "I'm a Fisk man!" The day of election drew near. At the time Mr. Cleveland was the candidate on the Democratic ticket, and he was running with increasing strength and popularity. The morning of election day, Dudley took his position on the top of the big gatepost, and as the people passed he would cry out: "Hurrah for Fisk!" General Fisk was the candidate for the prohibition party. But as the day wore slowly away, Dudley's candidate continued to remain in the minority. From the beginning Mr. Cleveland was in the lead, and added more votes to the standard of democracy every hour. Dudley stood his ground all right, and kept up excellent courage amidst the shouts of his little companions on the street, while they kept up their "Hurrah for Cleveland! Hurrah for Cleveland!"
However, it is pretty hard for even a grown man to stand loyal to a cause that grows more unpopular as the time passes, and while one is surrounded by the great majority on the successful or winning side. As night began to come on, and Dudley could hear nothing but the shouts of "Hurrah for Cleveland!" in every direction, he climbed down from his position on the fence, and came into the house and took off that Fisk cap, and swung it around his head, crying at the top of his voice: "Hurrah for Cleveland!" When he saw the disappointed and surprised look on his mother's face, he said: "I'm a Cleveland man."





CHAPTER III. DUDLEY'S ILLNESS কিন্তু ক্রিক ক্রিক



CHAPTER III.

DUDLEY'S ILLNESS.



HE circumstances connected with the dangers and distress of that dreadful night spent on the mountains had produced an unconscious idolizing of the child by the parents, and they held him

as if in the embrace of an eternal grasp.

Could it be possible after such experiences, such marvelous deliverances, that they should have the darling snatched from their loving arms and borne away where his prattle would be heard no more, and where his childish pranks would not gladden the heart? Deep mysteries shroud the pathway sometimes, and divine providence is difficult to understand. Cherished hopes are frequently shattered and our plans are driven to the winds. Centered in that boy were not only the aspirations of the parents, but the

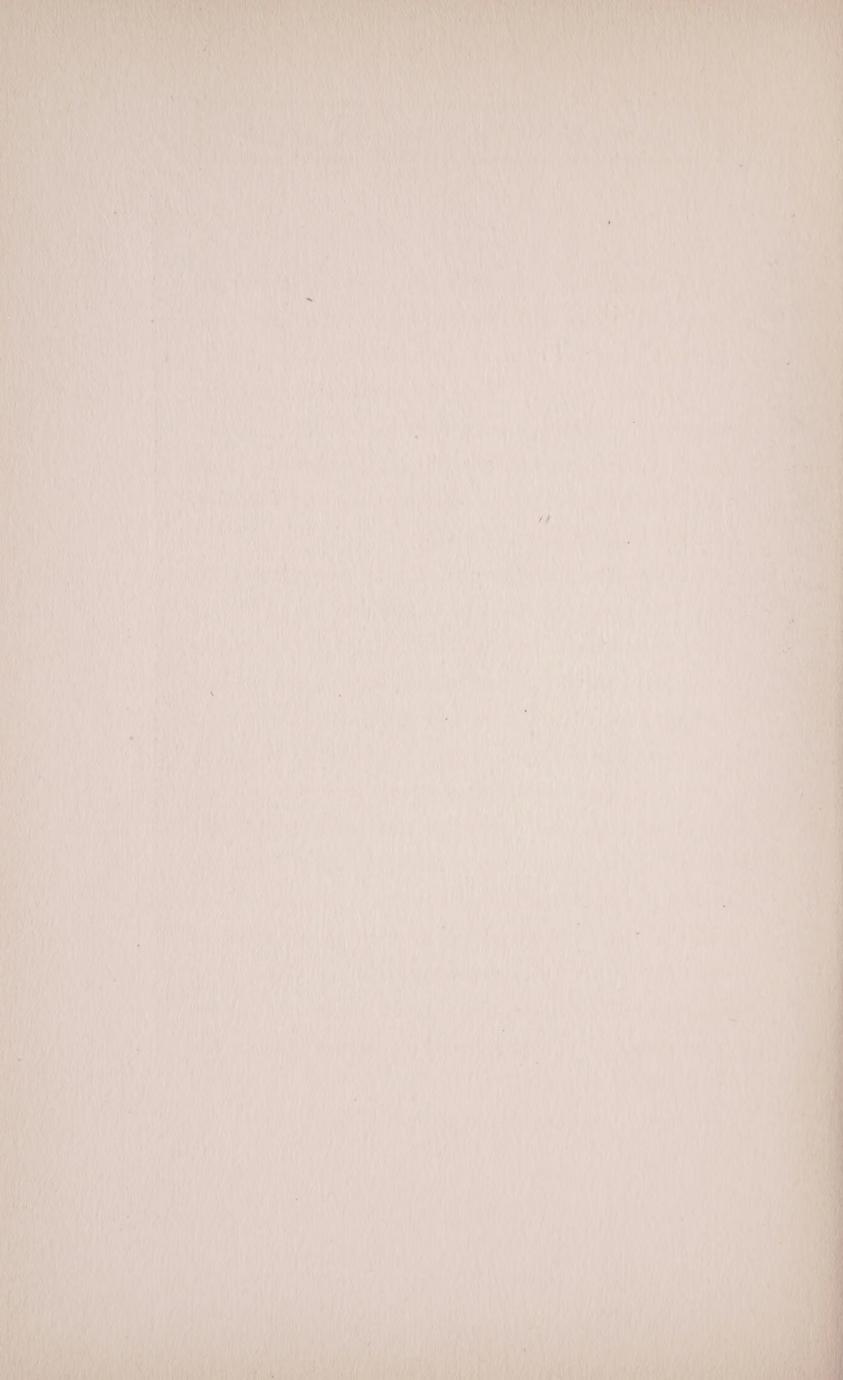
hopes and expectations of many others who knew him. To fail in reaching the consummation of these expectations would cause untold sorrow and disappointment.

Carelessness sometimes becomes a crime. Wilful and gross neglect of the safety of others by individuals is punishable by law. But where the enforcement of law is lax, the people are in danger. In a house near by the children had been sick with the scarlet fever. They had not been very ill, however, and were allowed to play out in the yard next to where Dudley and his sister were at play. The parents knew nothing about the contagious disease being so close to their home and that their little ones were exposed to the danger.

One day while the father was several hundred miles away, down on the plains, looking after a mission field, Maudella, the sister, was taken sick. The physician was called, and the disease was pronounced scarlet fever. The gentleman who went for the doctor had told him of Dudley, and related to him some of the scenes of his young life, which gave the



"Good-bye papa, good-bye mamma, good-bye Maudie."



physician special interest in him. After administering to the little girl, he said: "You have a boy, haven't you?" "Yes, sir, he is playing in the yard," the mother replied. "Call him in please," the doctor requested. Dudley was called and stood before him. "Fine boy you have there, Madam, we must do something for him. We must try and keep him from taking the fever," he said.

The sister grew worse, and the message bearing the news was on its way to the father. He was fifty miles from a railway station, and the country was new and sparsely settled in that section. The days passed slowly by, but the father did not return. No message was received in reply. Another was sent. "Come home, the children have the scarlet fever," read the messages. Another and another, until five in all were dispatched. Still no word from the father. Who can describe those anxious days? The neighbors were afraid to come to the relief of that mother who was watching night and day. The disease had assumed a malignant form and anyone ran great risk in coming into the house. Sadly the hours wore away.

From the beginning Dudley had a presentiment that he would become a victim. He had a horror for the contagion, that was unusual for one so young; and his mother pondered his sayings and actions relative to the matter with no little concern. What if Dudley should take the scarlet fever and die, thought she. "Mamma, I'm not going to have the scarlet fever, am I mamma?" he said one day. "I hope not my darling," his mother replied. Again, a little later, he came running in from his play, and said, "Mamma, I wont have the scarlet fever, will I mamma?" "I trust not Dudley, the doctor is giving you medicine and he thinks you will not take it." During the days that followed, this sad question was asked many times. There was something about it that troubled him and he could not throw it off.

At the close of a beautiful day, Dudley gathered all his playthings together and placed them in a row along the yard fence. Coming into the house he looked up into his mother's face, and said: "Mamma, I'm not going to bed to-night; I'm going to sit up with you." "No, my little man, you must go to bed

and get your rest," was the reply. Fearing the time when her precious boy would not be able to rest would come only too soon, she insisted that he should go to bed. But the little fellow persisted, and she finally permitted him to have his way. After sitting up some time he threw himself across the couch and was soon lost in slumber. On perceiving this his mother gently removed his shoes. The same night at nine o'clock, the little girl grew worse. The symptoms were such as to cause the mother to think she was dying. However, at midnight the crisis was passed and she slept peacefully. At four o'clock in the morning Dudley woke with a start and cried out: "Mamma, I want a drink!" In a moment a glass of water was brought which he eagerly drank, and then lay back on the pillow and fell asleep again. Filling the glass and placing it within his reach, the mother resumed her vigilance beside the sick little daughter. In a few moments the pleading voice was heard again: "Mamma, I want a drink of water." "Hush, Dudley, Maudie is sleeping now," were the subdued words of the mother. Every symptom of the disease

Dudley Stamp, Lost in the Rocky Mountains

was to be seen, and it was evident that Dudley was in the grasp of the scarlet fever. Although this might have been expected, it was a great shock and surprise to the mother.

The morning light broke upon a new patient, and when the doctor came he found his little friend, once so light-hearted, now suffering with a burning fever. Added to this overwhelming affliction, baby Paul was stricken with the same disease. All the children are now sick. Dudley calls for his father, but that father is many miles away. Gladly would he have shared the care of those little sufferers. Finally the messages are received. "Come home, the children have the scarlet fever," each message reads. Fifty miles must be made over the prairies by team, then the more rapid way of travel by rail. Monday night comes, Dudley and Paul are very sick. Paul is struggling with death, though the symptoms do not indicate that the end is so near. The father enters the sad home, where the afflicted ones are so anxiously waiting his coming. Drawing near to the bedside where Dudley lay, the little fellow threw his

pa, I've got the scarlet fever." The voice was full of pathos. It had lost the tone of victorious accent that had always characterized his utterances. He seemed to realize that he had met an enemy which his brave efforts could not vanquish. Ah, it was what the Good Book calls "the last enemy." He had met the wolves, and his valor had routed them. But his Heavenly Father was now flashing the light of heaven across a more beautiful path than the untrodden, rugged way of the dark night, and he was soon to pass beyond the borders of danger and suffering.

The next night the angels bore the gentle spirit of Paul away. About this time the last struggle of Dudley began. On looking across to the couch that held the beautiful but lifeless body of his baby brother, whom he loved so tenderly, and with whom he had spent so many happy hours, he said, with deep sorrow: "Paulie, O Paulie; I didn't want Paulie to die. I wish Paulie hadn't died." Then he turned from the scene and seemed to be lost in

thought. Thought that reached into the realms above.

The next day the white hearse drawn by two beautiful white horses came to the door of that home to bear the little brother to the cemetery. Dudley had seen those white horses in the street a few days before he took sick, and called his mother's attention to their beauty. Now they are taking his beloved brother and playmate away, and are soon to come again to carry him to the same resting place.

While the parents were gone with the little one, Dudley's doctor, accompanied by a consulting physician, sat by his side. On returning from the burying ground they saw that their darling boy would, in a short time, follow his little brother. The physicians gave no hope of his recovery, but the parents struggled on, thinking they might, in some way, avert the calamity. As the hours passed, the world and all that he had enjoyed in it, gradually lost its charms; when he turned to his mother and said: "Mamma, read to me out of the Bible." "What shall I read, darling," the mother asked of her idolized child. "Read

of that beautiful place." Then that fond mother turned to those comforting words of Revelation, and with tears read on: "And I saw a new Heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

As these verses, descriptive of the City of Light, were read, Dudley seemed to hang upon the divine promises with implicit faith and confidence. After a few moments of meditation, he said: "Sing for me. Sing At the Cross." Then they began the strains:

"Alas! and did my Savior bleed?

And did my Sovereign die?

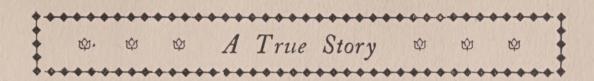
Would He devote that sacred head

For such a worm as I?"

Reaching the chorus, the dying child joined the parents in the assuring words:

"At the Cross, at the Cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight
And now I am happy all the day."

The clouds were now breaking, and the light of a better world was streaming down to illumine the portals of the grave. His face was radiant with the dazzling prospects of that home where there is no pain, and where all is light, and looking for the last



time into the faces of his loved ones, he said: "Goodbye papa, good-bye mamma, good-bye Maudie," and his pure spirit swept up beyond the stars to await our coming.

THE END.



